



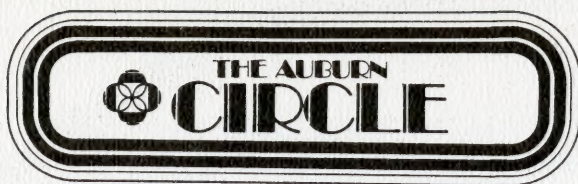
THE AUBURN  
**CIRCLE**

Volume 2, Number 3

Spring - Summer, 1975







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**A NOTE ON STYLE**

The variety of approaches to writing and design in this issue reflects the *Circle's* function as a laboratory publication. Although each piece was reviewed by staff members and representatives of the Editorial Board, the appearance of any article, story, poem, drawing, or photograph does not necessarily indicate unanimous critical approval.

*The Auburn Circle* is a community publication financed through Student Activity Fees. The views expressed throughout this issue are those of the authors, not necessarily those of the publisher (the Board of Student Communications) or those of the *Circle* Editorial Board and staff. Address all correspondence to *The Auburn Circle*; 311 Union Building, Auburn University, Auburn, Alabama, 36830.

The *Circle* staff thanks the following individuals of the English Department for their assistance in evaluating and proofreading copy: James Allen, Bert Hitchcock, Pat Keller, Ray LaFontaine, Oxford Stroud.

## LETTERS

Ms. Cooper:

While walking and thinking the other day, I crossed the Auburn campus and chanced to find a letter on the ground addressed "To Whom It May Concern." Remembering that the recent edition of *The Auburn Circle* was primarily concerned with the subject matter contained in this found letter, I decided to forward it to you at my own expense. Please make good use of it.

Leland Evans

### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

One brisk winter day I woke up to a cup of coffee, grabbed a jacket at the door, and headed out alone across a beach, which to the best of my knowledge has never suffered much from man or woman. The white sands passing underfoot were being swept clean by a constant wind which blew from land to sea. The water's edge presented a muddled contrast to its determining shore, yet seemed to grow distinctively blue and vast as I directed my attention toward an ever present horizon. I was captivated by imagined creatures which I created for my own purpose. I was mesmerized by this sea: the fearful and cold, opposed to the secure and warm, attracted me more and more.

However, the scene was incomplete; something was missing. There was whole world out there, yet it lacked something seemingly essential. I longed for a complete picture. I wished to see a lone sea gull, sailing bravely over raging waves—diving, dipping, intimidating the powers

below which, if given a chance, would surely lap her up and drown her magnificence. Just one gull, unafraid of the many possibilities that the sea offers: one gull to complete my vision of what such a gull should be.

I searched long and hard for my gull, but I never found her. Not once did I hear her calling out to all others, telling them to spread their wings only in traveling toward the horizon.

Of course there were many birds flying overhead—strange creatures flocking together, crying in my ear, straining themselves in competition for any minute morsel of the stale bread which I offered. Why? Because on occasion I pulled some crumbs from my pocket and scattered them around in a disgusted fashion. At will, I could have anyone of them dancing about indignantly, stumbling over self and others, thrusting their chests out, and strutting about hideously. There they were: grey birds scratching, pecking the ground like old hens in a coop, all the time crying, trying to win sympathy for their self-imposed helplessness.

Then I pretended there was no more bread. A few birds stayed, all the time crying, doing anything for attention. None ventured too far, and soon I could tolerate the annoying animals no more. Why couldn't they see that their acts were demeaning, estranging them from their very nature? Why couldn't they forget the meager satisfaction obtained from man, turn their powers toward the many possibilities of the sea, and having done this, regain the spirit which is naturally theirs?

If they had done so, there I would have been, throwing bits of stale bread—only to see them fall to the ground unnoticed.

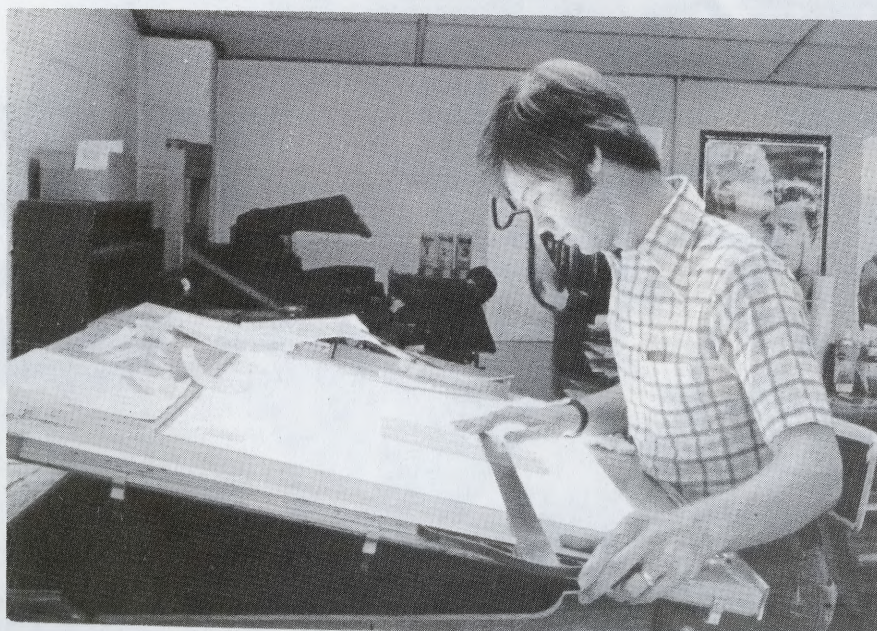
*Cover design by Marianne Sansing.*

The *Circle* staff thanks the following individuals for last minute proofreading: David Bradford, Cindy Carlton, Scarlett Robinson, and Betty Wear. Thanks also to Ginny Calton for special artwork. Special thanks to David Cummings for cover photograph.



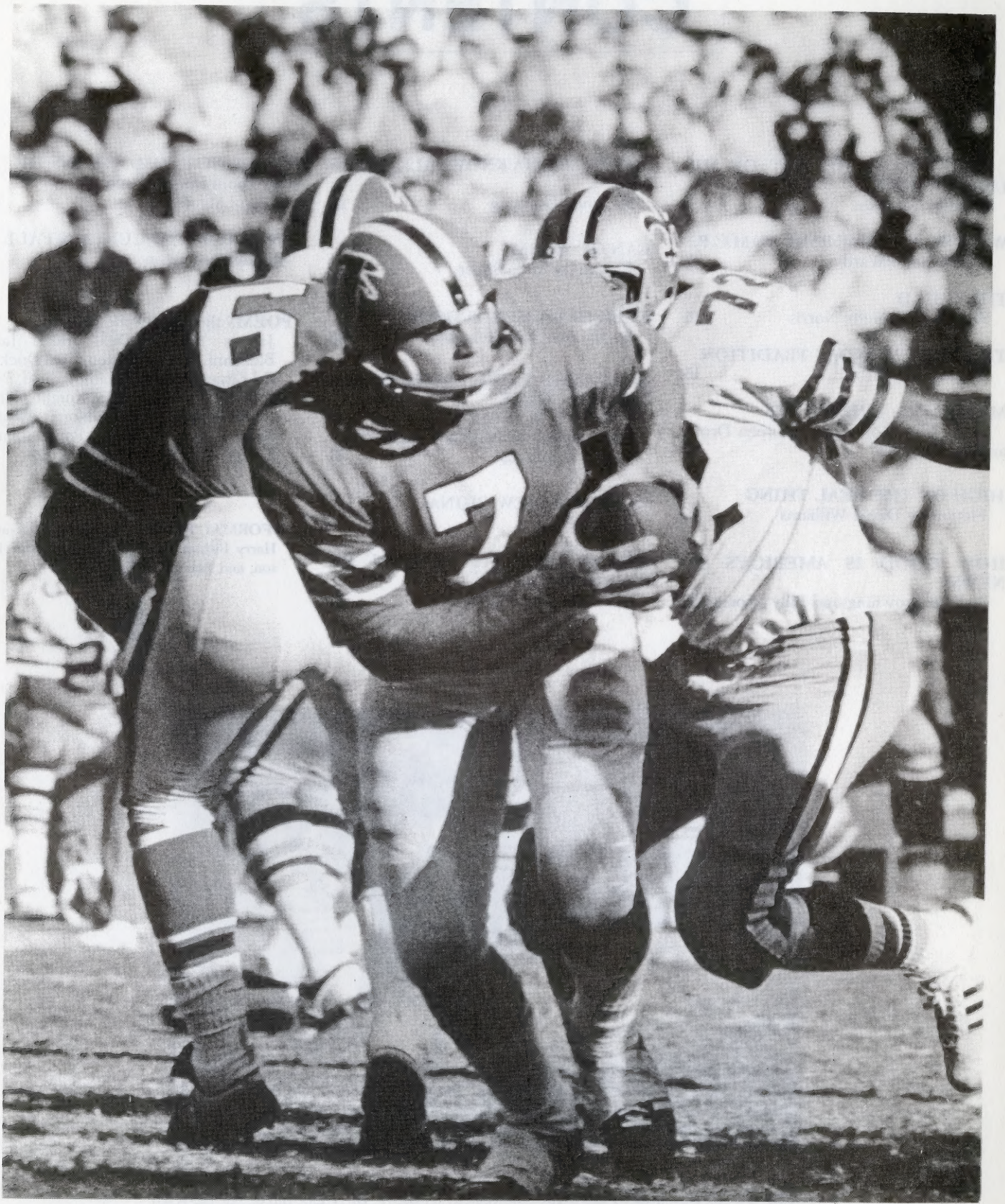
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The *Circle* is proud to introduce next year's editor, Billy Leonard. Along with Linda Leaming, next year's associate editor, he urges anyone with articles, short stories, art work, poetry, photography, informal essays, etc. to share them with the rest of Auburn University through *The Auburn Circle*, 1975-76.





Photography: Auburn-Opelika Daily News



# Sullivan: Is He Out Of His League Now?

BY MARK MURPHY

"I don't know if I have ever seen him lose his cool or poise in any situation on the field or off, as a student or an athlete. I am a great admirer of Pat." Head Football Coach Ralph "Shug" Jordan reserves those words for Auburn University's most famous recent graduate, Pat Sullivan, class of 1972.

But after three years of frustration with the Atlanta Falcons in the National Football League, Sullivan may soon face a situation that could try the patience of a saint, which is what he is in the eyes of many Auburn fans. When he was drafted by the Falcons to quarterback the expansion team they planned to build into a powerhouse, he was the darling of Atlanta fans and sportswriters. But in 1974 the Falcons fell flat on their faces, despite what appeared to be a talented squad, and fans, who loudly booed their own team, wanted to see some heads roll.

Coach Norm Van Brocklin's dismissal was probably the high point of the season for most Falcon fans, especially for the sportswriters around Atlanta who were at war with "the Dutchman," a man who would certainly flunk out of any charm school in the nation. Mild-mannered Marion Campbell, a former University of Georgia player, replaced Van Brocklin, who is now a farmer in Social Circle, Georgia.

Sullivan's handsome head may also be slated to roll in the near future, even though some football experts, especially those who saw him perform in college, don't believe he has been given a fair chance in Atlanta. But the promising young quarterback from Auburn, who caused so many record books to be rewritten, is not so promis-

ing anymore in the eyes of most professional football analysts.

The Falcons got first shot at the 1974 crop of college seniors and picked off strong-armed quarterback Steve Bartowski of the University of California—in other words, a new Pat Sullivan to build a franchise around. The Falcon's training camp is scheduled to begin in July; Pat Sullivan must be wondering if he will be there when it does.

"Back before the draft I talked to the Falcons about the possibility of a trade," says the 1971 Heisman Trophy winner. "But I still want to stay in Atlanta and try for the starting spot if I am given a chance, but I don't know what their plans are for me now."

What does Sullivan believe is wrong with the Falcons? Pat doesn't like to say much about the Falcons or Former Head Coach Van Brocklin, although reportedly Van Brocklin disappointed Sullivan by not giving him a fair chance to prove himself. The most Sullivan ventures to say is, "I don't know what is wrong with the Falcons. The whole ball club was very, very frustrated," and he emphasizes the word *frustrated*. "Losing probably caused the frustration, especially the early season losses, because the players were counting on having a big year."

Pat says he never doubted he could make it as a regular in the NFL, and the past three years haven't changed his mind a bit. "Sometimes it just takes longer than you expect to make the adjustments from the college to the pro game," he believes. "There have been quite a few adjustments. First of all there are different types of people, and most everyone here is of equal ability."

"There are always six guys who are competing for the two jobs. The ones

who don't make the cut won't get paid at all, so that is a type of pressure you don't find in college. No player at Auburn had to worry about losing his scholarship if he wasn't the best at his position, and no player ever had to worry about being traded to Tennessee."

Critics have pronounced the five-foot, ten-inch Sullivan too short to see and throw above the behemoths who play defensive line in the NFL. Sullivan calls that "sportswriters' hogwash." His voice growing less amiable, Sullivan protests, "I don't feel like that has anything to do with it. I've met great quarterbacks like Bob Griese, Fran Tarkenton, and John Brodie, and I am as big or bigger than all of them. Griese has been to three Super Bowls in a row—nobody's saying he's too short."

Jordan, who is in his 25th and final year as head coach at Auburn, quickly rises to the defense of the maligned quarterback. "I have every confidence Pat can still make it in the pros. That debacle in Atlanta was such a negative situation to begin with. The media seemed to determine that before he started he didn't have the strong arm and he was too short. Pat can throw long and he can throw short with the important ability to find his receivers."

"I still think in spite of what has happened in Atlanta," says Jordan, "that Pat is a great player. But like any quarterback that I've seen, he needs a certain amount of protection from his offensive line to be successful." Continuing his verbal stab at the Falcons, Jordan adds with a grin although he is quite serious, "He had better protection at Auburn, and he had better receivers here too. I am just telling the truth."

Jordan thinks a change of scene



THE HEISMAN MEMORIAL TROPHY  
IS PRESENTED BY  
DOWNTOWN ATHLETIC CLUB OF NEW YORK CITY  
TO  
**PAT SULLIVAN**  
**AUBURN UNIVERSITY**  
AS THE  
OUTSTANDING COLLEGE FOOTBALL PLAYER  
IN THE UNITED STATES  
FOR 1971

Photography: *The Auburn Alumnus*

would be best for Sullivan. "My personal feeling is that if it was me in Pat's place, I would like to start all over again someplace else and forget the last three years.

"If the right opportunity comes along for Pat, in Atlanta or someplace else, he'll make it," Jordan vows. The Auburn coach, like most Auburn fans who saw the young man perform in his college years, refuses to accept the notion that Sullivan can't make the grade in pro football.

"I think Pat would like to get away from the Falcon's image, and the Atlanta media and fans, so he can pick up the pieces. If he still thinks he can play in Atlanta after what has happened there it would be a very courageous thing to do."

"I felt like I was good enough to start," declares Sullivan, reflecting upon his Atlanta experience. If he isn't given a chance to compete for a starting spot in 1975, Sullivan wants a change of scene via a trade.

"Until the end of next year I won't know anything for sure," he says. "In this business you take things one year at a time." Sullivan hasn't signed a contract yet. He might choose not to sign if he doesn't get the salary he wants, and as a member of the NFL's Player Association, he can't take a very substantial pay cut because of the union's contract with the club owners. If he refuses to sign he can play out his option in Atlanta and after one year, he can go to any other team in the league.

He has been discussing the legal details of possible options with his lawyer.

Sullivan says he won't consider jumping to the financially unstable World Football League, even if he is offered the opportunity. He also rules out the possibility of playing in the already established Canadian Football League, where competition isn't as stiff as in the NFL.

Although Sullivan won't reveal what his salary was (he thinks public knowledge of salary causes jealousy on a team), rumor places the total for his three Atlanta years in the neighborhood of \$400,000. It doesn't seem logical that the Falcons would pay that much money again to a part-time player who doesn't seem to be in their plans for the future. A team which might want to give Sullivan a second chance through a trade deal could be scared off by the high salary it would have to pay for a player with such a risky pro record. But it isn't just the money: Sullivan's mission now appears to be to prove to the world that he can play with the best, and that means the National Football League.

It's doubtful that Pat spent much time worrying about his ability before he left Auburn University. During his senior year alone he was named an All-American by practically every listing, the "Player of the Year" in the South and the nation by many listings, and the captain of the Coaches' All American team on which he was also voted most valuable player. That year he received the Heisman Trophy,

college football's most coveted award, as well as dozens of other prestigious honors. He collected a similarly impressive list of awards after his junior year when he led the nation in total offense with an average of 285.6 yards-per-game, which is more than some teams average as a whole.

Sullivan's achievements weren't limited to the athletic field; he was a serious student who came to Auburn with more in mind than just throwing a football in front of 60,000 people. He won the Bill Streit Award, given to the Auburn senior football player with the best academic average. Pat was named to the Academic All-SEC team. He was also initiated into Omicron Delta Kappa, a national men's honorary fraternity, and into Spades, a men's campus honorary.

Considering all of the attention and honors showered on Sullivan, it is a small miracle that he didn't let it go to his head. Classmates went home and bragged to envious little brothers and sisters, even parents, that Pat was in their history class. Coeds whispered "there he goes" when they saw the well-known face leaving Haley Center. Rather than let it inflate his ego, the All-American seemed slightly embarrassed by all the attention. He seemed to try to be inconspicuous, to fit in with the other students rather than stand out from them. He always had a "hello" for familiar faces or a "thanks" when students complimented him on last weekend's game. "Pat



always had time for people, the press, his friends, and fans," remembers Coach Jordan.

"Pat always gave credit to other people—maybe too much credit. His response after winning the Heisman Trophy was tremendous. He gave credit to his mother, father, and other associates right up to the end of his college career." Jordan also feels that Pat was an outstanding leader. "I can't think of anyone who showed greater leadership at Auburn. I don't know if I have ever seen Pat at a loss for words—he always said the right thing.

"He had tremendous influence on this campus during times when the campus was more militant than it is today. He was sort of a symbol for all of the students to rally behind, and as long as we were winning, it helped to take the students' minds off the militant angle. Of course the athletic program is just a part of the university, but it loomed very large in influence on the students at that time."

It is easy to act like an All-American when you are winning, but Pat also had

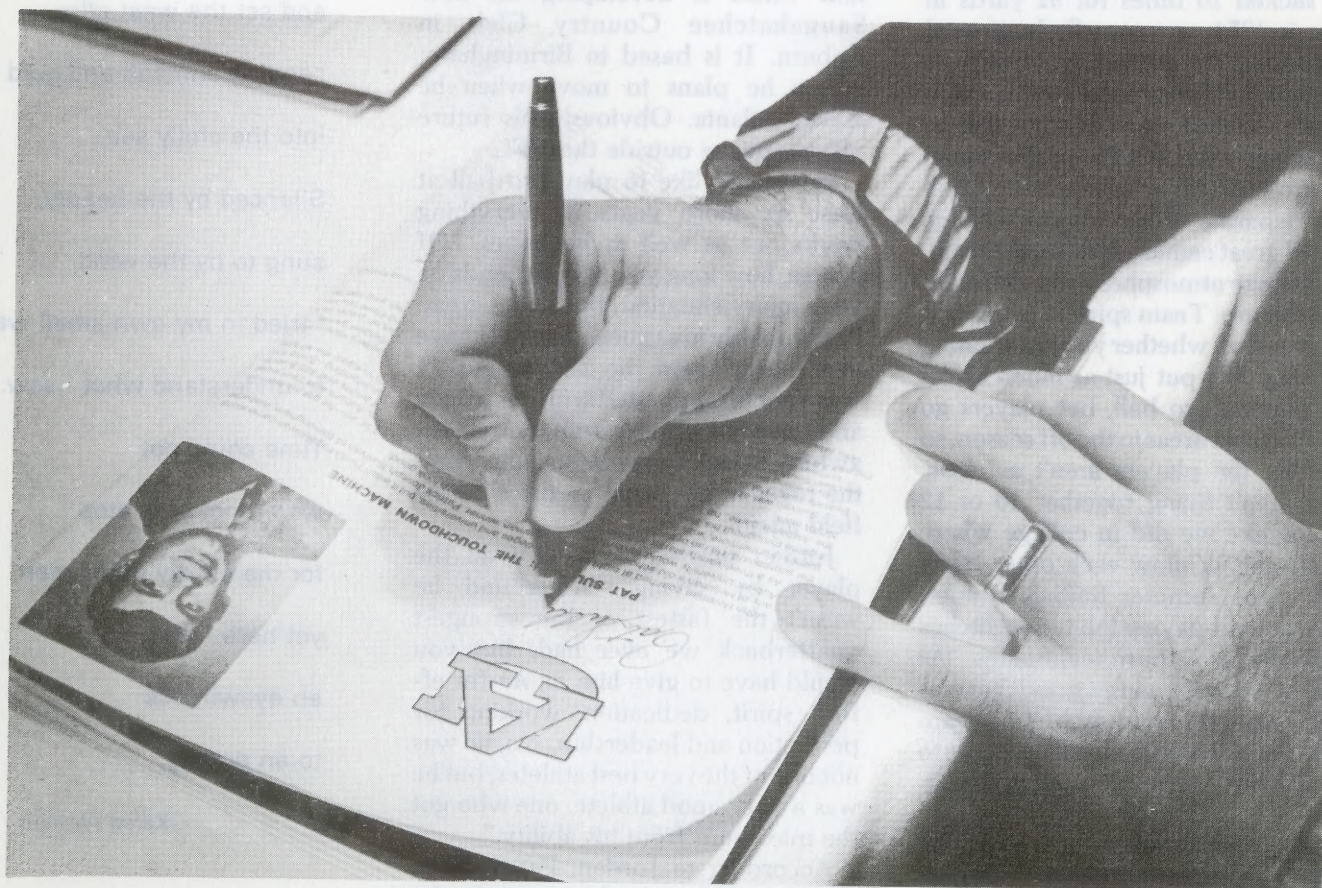
the valuable ability to motivate his teammates, particularly when weaker personalities would have looked for self-pity. Jordan tells a story about Sullivan, the young quarterback in 1969, who was rudely greeted by the University of Tennessee in his Southeastern Conference debut. Auburn had been beaten 45-19; nothing went right for the Tigers or the sophomore quarterback who was intercepted five times on Neyland Stadium's slippery artificial Tartan turf. "He was the first player off the field," reminisces Jordan. "Pat went from group to group in the dressing room telling everybody it was mostly his fault for the loss. I was extremely down in the dumps. He came by and told me not to let it get me down because this was going to be the making of a fine football team. He really picked everybody up.

"He wasn't one of those false types who act enthusiastic when they really aren't," Jordan remembers. "He told everybody that we still had a good team and that we could win a lot of

games. Everybody realized it wasn't a fake enthusiasm. It was a 'damn, we lost, but we aren't going to lose any more' type of attitude he had. It sort of electrified a losing dressing room. When we all walked out of there, we realized that we were a much better team than anybody else knew we were."

After the battered and bruised Tigers came home from their first appearance on artificial turf, the team jelled as Sullivan predicted and went on to an 8-2 mark, climaxing the season with a 49-26 rout of Bear Bryant's Alabama club. Those 49 points were the most ever scored against a Bryant-coached team.

The weekend of Pat's career that stands out foremost in Jordan's memory is the 1971 meeting in Athens with the University of Georgia in what was billed as Southern football's "Game of the Decade." Jordan says the game was played in the most hostile atmosphere an Auburn team ever faced, making the battle even more meaningful. With both teams un-



Photography: The Auburn Alumnus



beaten and the college football world's attention focused on the contest, Sullivan turned in one of his greatest performances to lead Auburn to a 35-2 victory, probably insuring his claim to the Heisman Trophy, which he was awarded less than two weeks later. Georgia Coach Vince Dooley, who played his college football for Jordan in the 1950's, summed up the game as "Superman having a super day."

Nobody has been calling Pat "Superman" lately. As a Falcon rookie he connected on only three out of 19 passes for 44 yards and no touchdowns while being intercepted three times. In his second year, he completed 14 out of 26 passes for 175 yards and one touchdown and was not intercepted. Last season he hit on 48 out of 106 passes including one scoring toss. None of the Falcon quarterbacks had impressive statistics in 1974 though. With butter-fingered receivers that lacked speed and an offensive line that folded up like a lawn chair, Falcon quarterbacks spent much of their afternoons dodging defensive linemen eager to harm their bodies. Sullivan was sacked 10 times for 92 yards in losses in 1974, an unusually large total considering the limited action he saw.

"So far the three years I have spent in the pros haven't been as enjoyable as my college years, but I hope that someday pro ball will be as much fun," Sullivan remarks. "When I was in college we had great camaraderie on the team. The college atmosphere was different from the pro. Team spirit in pro seems to depend on whether you are winning or losing. We put just as much effort into playing pro ball, but players go into different areas in the off season, so naturally the players aren't as close. They aren't living together 10 or 12 months like we did in college where we all got to know each other fairly well." One summer Sullivan turned down a good-paying job to dig ditches alongside his Auburn teammates. "At Auburn we were winning and that was a big reason we had such good team spirit. It could make a big difference to the Falcon's unity if we started winning."

Sullivan still keeps up with the athletic program at Auburn. The man who could have played college basket-

ball has followed Coach Bob Davis' revitalized basketball program and is always interested in how the baseball and other teams are doing.

"I have a lot of great friends in Auburn," Pat maintains. "I think that anyone who goes to school there gets a soft spot in his heart for it. I have great memories of Auburn and Auburn people." One of Pat's favorite Auburn people, if not his favorite, is Jordan. "He is tops," Pat claims. "Coach Jordan is a great man. People don't realize what a great person he really is until they are in contact with him. Those of us who really know him have a great deal of respect for him." Jordan is still close to Sullivan and his family which now includes Pat and Jean Sullivan's five-year-old daughter Kim, and one-year-old twins, Patrick, Jr., and Kelly, another girl.

Sullivan has business ties to Auburn too. He owns Chateau and LeMans, luxury apartment complexes which house many Auburn students. Along with Mailon Kent, another former Auburn quarterback, he is a partner in the Wally Noll Development Corporation which is developing the new Saugahatchee Country Club in Auburn. It is based in Birmingham, where he plans to move when he leaves Atlanta. Obviously his future offers options outside the NFL.

Pat would like to play pro ball at least six more years if everything works out as well as he hopes. "Of course, how long you play depends on your injury situation, but I feel great. I'm probably in as good shape as I have ever been," says the 25-year-old. "I was very disappointed with our season and I needed a break from football for awhile. I think I may be starting to get the fever to get back out there on the field again."

Jordan sums up Pat Sullivan the player by saying, "All-around he wasn't the fastest or the strongest quarterback we ever had, but you would have to give him an A+ for effort, spirit, dedication, working for perfection and leadership. No, he was not one of the very best athletes, but he was a very good athlete, one who got the maximum from his ability."

According to Jordan, Pat Sullivan the person takes a back seat to nobody.

"I don't know of anybody who has handled himself better while I have coached at Auburn. I would have to put Pat a little above the rest of the ones I've known."

Pat Sullivan, the man, is alive and doing well—exceedingly well. But as a pro football player, he must prove something to the world. The year 1975 could very well be a turning point in the career of the friendly young man whose jersey number seven will never be worn again by an Auburn football player. The big question now is whether Pat will ever wear his number seven again for the Falcons or any other pro football team. And that is a question nobody is ready to answer at the moment, not even Sullivan himself.



## SPRING SUNSET

It fell from lead skies  
the sun did  
and set the west afire  
sending crimson and gold  
into the chilly sea.  
Silenced by the beauty,  
sung to by the wind,  
I tried in my own small way  
to understand what I saw.  
Time could not  
would not ever stop  
for me or any other man  
yet here I was  
an eyewitness  
to an ending.

—Karen Wishard



# Was The Apostle Paul An M.C.P.?

BY CHARLOTTE WARD

It was the spring of 1945. The First Baptist Church in a certain small town in central Kentucky was without a pastor, and had been for several months. Visiting speakers "filled the pulpit" Sunday morning and evening; Sunday School and Sunday evening youth activities went along as usual, but nobody assumed responsibility for the traditional midweek prayer meeting, so it ceased to be held. The woman advisor of the youth group, feeling that the midweek service was needed, organized one with the help of four teenage girls who took turns preparing "devotionals" and leading the group. The women of the church flocked to the services in goodly numbers, but the male members of the congregation stayed away, to a man. Why? Because the Apostle Paul wrote in one of his letters to the Corinthians, "Let the women keep silence in the churches" (I Cor. 14:34). But here I am, one of those teenage girls thirty years later, an ordained deacon in another

First Baptist Church in a certain medium-sized town in Alabama, defending that same Apostle from charges of being an "M.C.P." (Male Chauvinist Pig!).

The changing view of woman's place in a traditionally conservative denomination given to strict Biblical interpretation is, to me, a significant illustration of the very thing Paul was coping with in the early church, but, as it is customary to let the plaintiff speak first, we will defer the pursuit of that point until later. What, then, is the evidence that Paul was an anti-feminist? Let us look at the passages from his writings that deal with women.

1. *Women and Marriage.* About midway in the letter known as I Corinthians (Chapter 7), an epistle written, as most of Paul's letters were, in response to urgent questions arising in a church he had founded, Paul makes some recommendations which have labeled him not only anti-women but also anti-marriage. In I Cor. 7, he strongly urges the men of the church,



Photography: David Cummings

and the women as well, not to marry, although he concedes that marriage is preferable to suffering from unrequited desire. (Some people, he implies, just can't make it without marriage, and it's all right to be married, but it's better not to be.) In the course of the same discussion, however, he recommends that Christians not seek to terminate their existing marriages, just as he recommends that slaves make no effort to gain freedom. His main concern seems to be to maintain the status quo in every situation, rather than simply to forbid marriage.

In the letter to the Ephesians, a far more "theological" document than the Corinthian letters, as well as one whose authorship by Paul is questioned by some scholars, human marriage is used as an analogy to show the relationship between Christ and the church. The model here puts the man at the "head" and the wife in submission, but the man's attitude toward his wife is one of love, not tyranny. This passage, Ephesians 5:22-33, has been taken as



setting out the ideal of Christian marriage, though Paul was undoubtedly speaking out of his own background of a strongly patriarchal Jewish family structure.

2. *Women in the Church.* In the book of Acts, which is our earliest history of the Christian movement, we find the record of many women who responded to Paul's preaching, and we encounter some of them again by name in the personal greetings with which Paul closed many of his letters. Women were apparently highly regarded fellow-workers: Priscilla (usually named ahead of her husband, Aquila) who went with Paul from Corinth to Ephesus, where she and her husband even undertook the theological instruction of the eloquent but uninformed Apollos; Lydia, whose house became the "First Church" of Philippi; Phoebe, whom he commends to a congregation she is visiting and identifies as a "servant of the church at Cenchrea"—the word "servant" being the feminine form of the word usually translated as "deacon."

Yet in two letters, I Corinthians and I Timothy, Paul explicitly instructs women to keep silence in church, forbids them to teach, and advises them to seek enlightenment from their husbands at home if they wish to learn anything. Since Timothy was traditionally associated with the church at Ephesus we may infer that these instructions were of general application in all the churches in which Paul's authority was accepted.

Thus, in spite of his acceptance of women as coworkers on occasion, Paul would seem to stand convicted by his own writings as one who considered women inferior, fit only for subjection to men, and unfit for places of leadership or authority in the church, the home or, presumably anywhere else. He even presumes to recommend a dress code: long hair (I Cor. 7:15), a veil in church (I Cor. 7:13), no braids or jewelry or fine clothing (I Tim. 2:9). What, then, can possibly be said in his defense?

It is commonplace to insist that we understand any person and his actions in terms of his own background and frame of reference, and so we must understand and interpret Paul. He began

life, by his own account, as an extremely strict and orthodox Jew, a "Pharisee of the Pharisees." The life of the Jewish family and community of which he was a member must have stood in stark contrast to that of the Greek-Asian city of Tarsus in which he grew up. While the Jewish family was patriarchal, and "respectable" Jewish women had no "public" life, they in general played a greater role in the home and were less isolated from their husbands and sons within the family than were their Greek counterparts. Because Greek wives, of the upper classes at least, were so completely cut off from the social and professional lives of their husbands, there grew up a class of female "companions" called hetaera who might or might not be also sexually involved with their patrons, but who were looked upon by the Jews, with their great emphasis on the family, as immoral women. Paul certainly could not consider such women as acceptable members of society. We must look at Paul's comments on women in the church first in terms of his own inbred notions of what women should and should not be.

Second, we find all of Paul's earlier writings—and this means the Thessalonian and Corinthian letters in particular—very much colored by his belief that the "end of the age" was at hand. Had anyone suggested to Paul that we would be reading his Corinthian letters nineteen centuries later he would have found the idea ridiculous, because he was quite sure that God was going to bring the present world and human history to a more or less immediate conclusion with the physical return of Christ and the institution of the Kingdom of God on earth. When he counseled against trying to change the status quo, whether with respect to marriage or slavery or any other human condition, he was saying, "These things are temporary anyway. Don't waste the little time available trying to change them, but devote all your efforts to telling the good news of God's coming kingdom and bringing people to the faith that will insure their admission to it." When Paul urged people not to marry, his reason was that such a demanding human commitment would reduce

their efficiency as "Christian soldiers." He was fond of analogies to soldiers and athletes who cast off every encumbrance in order to devote themselves fully to winning the fight or running the race. In later letters usually attributed to Paul, such as Ephesians and I Timothy, when he has perhaps concluded that the end is not as imminent as he once thought, he exalts marriage, encourages young widows to remarry (contrast I Tim. 5:14 to I Cor. 7), and condemns those who forbid marriage (I Tim. 4:1-3).

Every glimpse the New Testament gives us of the Apostle Paul is of a man who threw himself whole-heartedly into what he believed to be important, even to the point of fanaticism. Where once he had gone all out to destroy the Christian church, after his conversion he went all out to establish it, spread its influence, and defend it from all harm from within and without. It is in this light that we can understand Paul's injunctions to the women in the churches. Paul was willing to defy Caesar himself in defense of his faith, but he was unwilling to do anything that would hurt the church's influence or put it in a bad light. When Paul was telling Christian women not to speak in public and to dress modestly he was expressing concern for the church's public image. What kinds of women in Paul's world went around in public, speaking out along with men, dressing gaudily? The "high class" hetaera and the out-and-out harlots. Paul did not want people outside the church drawing the conclusion that the church was made up of women like that.

We can thus consider Paul's admonitions about the public behavior of women as parallel to his advice about eating meat that had been an offering to pagan gods. The Christian was to avoid it if his eating it would be interpreted as an act of worship to the god, a religious act incompatible with Christian faith.

It is pertinent, in fact, to ask why Christian women, coming out of either the Jewish or the Greek tradition that had kept them secluded within their homes, would suddenly be impelled to speak out in public at all. I think the answer lies in the understanding of one



of the most basic of all Pauline doctrines, the doctrine of the freedom of Christians. Paul's Galatian letter is a sort of declaration of independence. The Christian, his life having been transformed and set in a new direction by the power of God made active in him through his faith in Christ, no longer is enslaved to the do's and don't's of the law (the Law of Moses being Paul's frame of reference for behavior standards). Paul proclaimed this freedom as absolute, and declared that the love and grace of God mediated to man through Christ broke down every wall of separation between human beings—between Jew and Greek, between slave and freeman, between male and female—and set them free to be “new persons” like Christ.

This absolute freedom of the Christian was, and still is, the ideal. But in the real world the Christian must freely choose to limit his own freedom in order not to be a stumbling block to others. And his responsibility to do so must be pointed out to him lest his exuberant exercise of this new-found freedom lead him to act in ways that will, in Paul's phrasing, cause a weaker brother to stumble or bring reproach upon the church. I can well imagine a newly converted Christian woman on whom the realization of this freedom has just dawned brimming over with questions (I Cor. 14:35), or, having learned the answers, being eager to share them with others (I Tim. 2:12). But if she were to do so, it would scandalize those who did not understand that freedom and give the church a bad name. So she must curb her exercise of freedom for the good of the church.

What about women in the modern church? Is women's liberation a threat to the church, or is the church an obstacle to women's liberation? Ideally, the answer to both of those questions is no. But let us be practical.

A church can assume that society should not change, and conclude that any changes occurring in social customs since New Testament times are bad. Such a church will take Paul's statements quite literally (well, some of them; most churches do not try to keep their members from marrying)

and consider his admonitions that women should not speak or teach (except in small children's Sunday School classes, of course) to be eternally binding. Intelligent, ambitious young women will probably not darken the doors of such a church after they reach the age of sixteen, and the Christian church, to them, will be an archaic, repressive institution with which they want nothing to do.

Or, a church can concentrate on that fundamental Pauline doctrine of Christian liberty. It can acknowledge, as Paul did, that the New Testament world was far from perfect, and

recognize that for nearly two thousand years, acting through that admittedly imperfect institution, the Church, the Christian faith has been the leaven that has lifted Western society, at least, out of some of the worst conditions of Paul's times. Such a church can continue its mission of proclaiming the Gospel as the good news that breaks down barriers to each person's opportunity to grow into the man or woman God created him or her to be. And intelligent, promising young men and women will continue to respond.

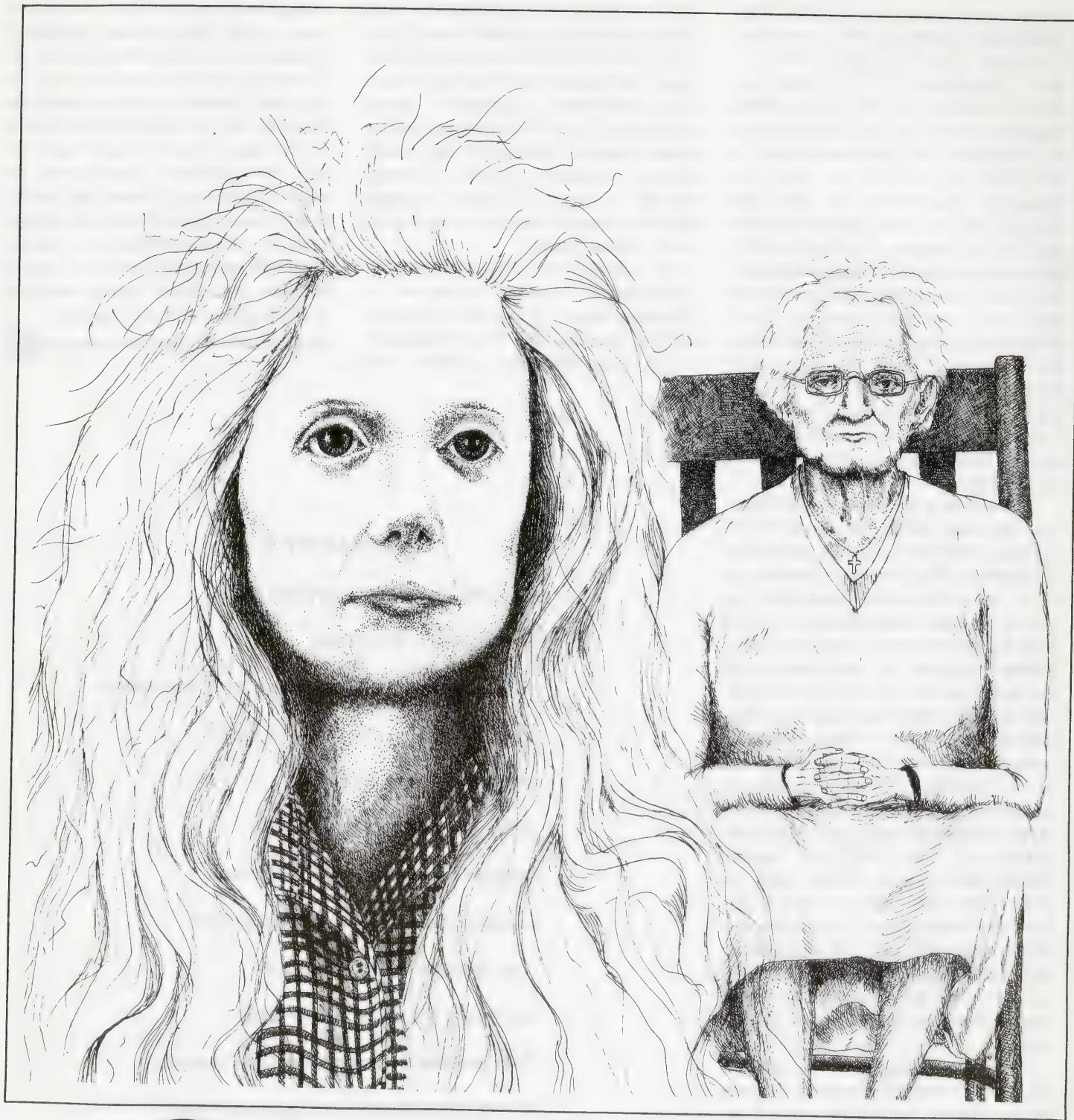


## THE MARTYRS

The birth was seeded by their blood,  
immaculate in their eyes.  
  
Hope had wandered the hollow centuries before,  
scarcely divining the shape of dream  
until desire wove its body  
in the earth-filled hands,  
because the patient, dark-eyed men  
kneaded the clay towards higher form.  
  
They labored in Mary's ascent  
and heard the angel's new song.  
  
They greeted Caesar's sword like lovers,  
sowed down the arching vaults of time  
the river of unending fire.

—Carl Dockery





*Illustration: William Livesay*

# *The Child*

**FICTION BY ANNETTE NORRIS**



The dusty streets were baked in the blinding light of the midday sun as old Essie and the child made their way home. Little whirlwinds of dust rose wherever the child's bare feet touched the roadside, settling again once she had passed. Essie squinted from behind her gray, bifocal glasses, which cast a thin shadow on her tanned, wrinkled face and slid down her nose so that ever so often she had to pause, shift the weight of her grocery sack, and replace them to their proper position. But the brightness of the sun she could endure. It was the August heat that was, for her, suffocating, almost unbearable. "Hot enough to fry an egg on a flat rock," Essie had remarked to the brisk, busy man in the supermarket, but he hadn't seemed to hear. Yes, the heat was the worst: the stifling, choking, unrelenting heat.

"Stop here a minute, child," she called to the blonde girl who walked just ahead of her. Essie paused in a spot of welcome shade beneath the tattered canvas awning of the hardware store. Setting down the bag of groceries, she wiped the streams of perspiration from her face with the sleeve of her calico dress. She leaned against the window and took several deep, labored breaths. The child, meanwhile, was busily examining the window display, pressing her nose against the glass, peering with dull eyes at the combined array of glittering glass figurines and hybrid cucumber seeds.

"Just got them winders washed, Essie," shouted an angry man with a broom and an apron who rushed out the open door. "Git that child away."

Essie sighed and thought, "As if it's gonna make any difference with all the dust." But again she lifted her heavy burden and went out into the sun. "Come on, child," she called, drawing the girl from her preoccupation with the window while the man hastened to remove the child's fingerprints with a rag produced from his apron pocket.

"Watch out for the cars," Essie continued her monologue as she and the child stepped from the sidewalk into the street to avoid the iron scaffolding which blocked their way. Essie's eyes followed this scaffolding upward to its endpoint at the rooftops where men

crawled like monkeys from building to building, making final repairs on the ancient structures. Parts of the town had been left in shambles by the tornado last spring. Essie remembered that night well, she and the child huddled together beneath the porch of her old house. The rain had pounded with almost endless fury, and the wind's heavy hand had pressed her and the child relentlessly against the porch's brick foundation. Essie had sat with her arms around the child, thinking perhaps the Lord had decided to call them together. It was during the flashes of lightning that Essie had seen terror illumine the child's usually expressionless face. Folks said that the wrath of God had come on the town since they voted to go wet in the last election, but Essie didn't believe any of their foolishness. "God don't make no excuses for what He does," she would say. "He don't need none."

Outside the town limits, the oak trees, which almost met above the road, filtered out some of the brightness and heat of the sun. Essie breathed a little easier now and her spirits improved. But still she called out, "Slow down a bit, child," her voice a little stronger, "I'm not so young as I used to be." Essie's shuffling feet hardly seemed to leave the ground as she walked, but home was close now, and Essie felt that she could weather the rest of the walk. The distance was really not so bad, she told herself—close enough to town to buy the essentials, yet not so close that the noise of the townspeople was any bother, except occasionally when the music from the Paradise Club filtered through the trees.

Finally, they rounded the last curve, and Essie's old house came into view. It was set far back from the road, a rickety two-room shack, unpainted, weatherbeaten, its rusty tin roof giving off a dull glow in the midday sun. A bare dirt yard surrounded the house with a few scraggly chickens pecking at the hard, red clay. But still this had been home to Essie all these years, and to the child, too, since Sarah Jean's accident.

After resting a bit on the porch, Essie called to the child, "Bring me a bucket of water," handing the child the

aluminum pail from the kitchen. The girl understood its meaning and went out the back door heading toward the well. Essie had feared that the child might fall into the well, so she had kept planks nailed over much of the top, leaving just enough space to lower the bucket and operate the windlass. But, in spite of these precautions, she called out, "You be careful 'round that well."

She's such a beautiful child, Essie thought, as she watched the girl. Even dirty, dressed as she was, she presented a striking picture: long blonde hair with just enough natural curl, a perfectly formed and proportioned body, and clear, fair skin, a lot like her mother's. Soon she would be a striking young woman, Essie thought, and she shuddered. The child seemed so perfect. No one would have known except for her eyes. Blue, robin's egg blue they were, but dull, lacking any sparkle or gleam of understanding. They were hopeless eyes, uncomprehending eyes. When you watched the child full in the face, they seemed to pervade her whole being, to exclude the rest of her from view, holding the attention with cruel, unrelenting magnetism. But at this distance, the old woman thought, no one would ever have known.

The rest of the day passed like any one of hundreds of other days. About four o'clock, when the sun's rays were not quite so direct, Essie had hoed and weeded the small garden plot behind the house while the child played alone nearby. Evening came on slowly, and with supper out of the way, the two sat together on the porch, Essie in the rocker and the child on the floor, crosslegged, humming some discordant tune to herself, cradling a soft, worn stocking doll in her arms. Time and years of play had long since worn the embroidered features from the doll's face so that now it seemed to stare up at the child, even as she held the doll, mocking the child's own expressionless face. But even so, the doll was special to the girl and was usually with her.

The evening was quiet, and a gentle wind carried the plaintive voice of Charlie Rich through the trees. Essie listened as the jukebox changed songs, recalling another time, but the same



old tune. She had sat in that same spot years before when Sarah Jean was a teenager, out with some young man at the club. Still, ever now and then, Essie imagined she could hear her daughter's gay, careless laugh mingled with the distant music.

Folks just hadn't understood Sarah Jean. She'd have been a good girl, Essie felt sure, if she'd just stayed clear of that Johnson boy. That was when the trouble started—the late nights, the nice presents, and the new, sullen Sarah Jean. The shame, disgrace Essie had felt for her daughter. She had felt some better when Sarah Jean had married the baby's father, and it looked for a while like everything was going to turn out all right. But then when the child was walking and talking age, Essie noticed that she seemed slow to learn, and folks began to talk about something unnatural in her eyes. The doctor confirmed the town's suspicions. Folk said that the sins of the mother had fallen on the child, and Essie winced when she heard it. "God don't punish the innocent," she said. "Jesus loved the little children."

"This child is special," she told Sarah Jean. "We've just got to love her all the more."

Then the accident. They'd both been drinking, Essie knew, and Seth couldn't make that curve in time. Both husband and wife killed instantly, and the child left alone. The Johnsons wouldn't have anything to do with her, shamed as they were by the whole affair, so she passed to Essie—old, failing, and poor as she was, burdened with the responsibility for a three-year-old child. Once a few years back, a government man had come to Essie. "We could do something for that child," he had said, "if you'd just send her to school." But Essie refused flatly. "This is a special child," she said. "God made her special, and He wants me to take care of her. I couldn't let her out of my sight, not even for a minute. No one could look after her proper but me."

Essie was called from her thoughts by the child, who rose in the twilight, apparently sleepy and ready for bed. Tired from her walk, Essie too felt that bedtime should be early tonight. She closed the screen door gently and lit

the small kerosene lamp. She was soon in bed and the child, clasping her faceless doll, finally crawled in the old iron bed beside her. The child was soon asleep, but Essie lay on her back for a long while, listening to the symphony of sounds—the distant country music, the chirping of crickets, and the soft regular breathing of the child. Before dropping off to sleep, Essie felt beneath the mattress until her fingers touched her husband's old pistol. Living alone as she had for years, Essie was not afraid, yet she still felt more secure knowing that the pistol was there if she needed it.

Once, Essie remembered, when the child was younger, she had found the old pistol hidden under some rags in the dresser drawer. Essie had been carrying in the wash when she discovered the child innocently pointing the gun toward her own face, examining it with childish curiosity. Essie had been more careful since then, finally moving the gun to its present hiding place beneath the mattress. Years would never lessen Essie's responsibility; the girl was now and would always be a child.

With the coming of fall, Essie's strength seemed to wane. The leaves turned brown, the days grew shorter, and the nights grew colder. Nature seemed passive, accepting without resistance the coming of winter. One autumn afternoon Essie sat in bed, unable to rise, observing her haggard face in the cracked mirror of the dresser. She looked with pity at the innocent, uncomprehending face of the child as she played on the floor with the faceless doll, cradling it lovingly, babbling nonsense that only the doll could understand. Essie took another spell of coughing, a deep rattling cough that echoed in her chest. But the child sat nearby motionless, seeming not to hear, contented in the innocent world of her own creation. "Suffer the little children, that's what Jesus said," Essie mumbled to herself. "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

Since she had no way to keep such things, Essie usually walked into town a couple of times a week to buy perishable groceries. No one had seen her for several days. This fact prompted Sheriff Bailly to drop by Es-

sie's for a visit on his afternoon round.

Bailly's boots rattled the loose boards of Essie's unsteady porch. He thought the sound would bring her to the door, but no one came. "Essie," he called, opening the screen door, but still no one returned his call. As his eyes adjusted to the dim light he could distinguish Essie lying in the bed, carelessly wrapped in a crimson quilt, the old gun not far from her hand. Without noticing, he almost tripped over another object in the floor, blocking the pathway to the bed.

The child lay on her side in the floor in a puddle of blood. The bullet had entered and left through the sides of her head, so that the doll-like facial features remained intact. The faceless doll lay beneath her head, almost as if placed there as a pillow. The child's lips were poised in a sort of pout, slightly apart, protruding somewhat from the shock. Her hands were clinched into tiny fists, as if tensed and prepared for the shock they soon received. But her eyes, her clear blue eyes, were forced into openness, brightened by a sort of fatal revelation, staring unveiled and serene into the afternoon sun.



## Habeas Corpus

when winter turns  
long  
dreary  
and cold

i need some  
summer  
sunshine  
to hold

—Janice Bickham



# The First Monday Tradition

BY DAVID BRADFORD

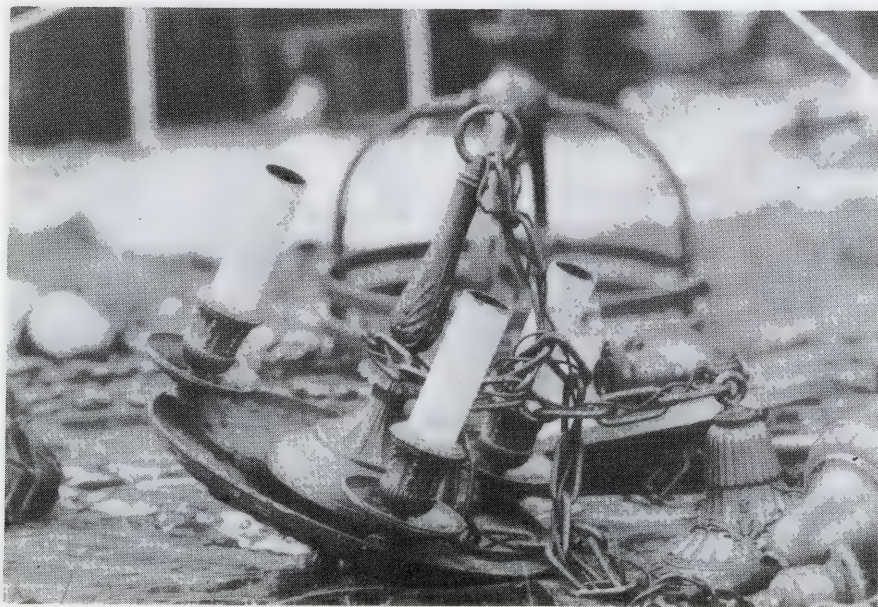
*Photography by the author*



An indeterminate number of Scottsboro, Alabama, dogs are conveniently labeled "Monday"—a name that to the native of Jackson County suggests both the origin and breed of the front-yard stalwart: he's at least part hound, an accidental by-product of nearby Sand Mountain, and wandered, hungry and mangy, into the reluctant master's yard on the first Tuesday of the month. "Monday," a puppy that just the day before was sworn to be a Black and Tan Coonhound or Beagle by some coun-

try entrepreneur, soon undergoes a ravenous metamorphosis into the mass of ears and lank which infests roadside ditches and runs bow-legged after passing cars. He (or even more hideous to the Kennel Club purist—she) is an unsold or untraded remnant of "First Monday," a trade day held on the Jackson County courthouse square on the first Monday of each month.

Although the exact date of the first trade day is unknown, it seems likely that the practice began in the late 1860's or early 1870's, for it was early in the post-Civil War years that the circuit court began holding sessions on the first Mondays of March and September in the newly-established county seat of Scottsboro. It probably all began with an occasional horse, gun, or knife swap amidst the already near-carnival atmosphere of Reconstruction court proceedings. Whatever its origins, the "First Monday" trade day was an established tradition by the turn of the century, involving not only the men with their hardware, horses, and natural passion for outdoing another in a swap, but also the women with their domestic wares and equal love of the social contact that such a gathering offered. But First Monday was not the sort of occasion to be recorded, even by the local newspapers. Only an occasional complaint by the staff of *The Sentinel* or







*The Progressive Age* about the filth and litter marked its continual presence through the years. And First Monday still recurs just as predictably as the complaints against it.

However humble its origins might be, the event is no longer the localized phenomenon of nineteenth-century Jackson County. A Labor Day or Fourth of July First Monday can triple the usual 18,000 population of the north Alabama town. Even the non-holiday First Monday draws several thousand spectators and swappers. The square fills with the bermuda shorts and silk socks of the incredulous tourist as well as the denim and felt hats of the First Monday regulars. From within the circles of curled cedar shavings and tobacco-splattered dust, the latter group perches on the wrought iron, wood slat benches while the masses revolve around them. Traffic is jammed for blocks, occasionally miles, and most spectators gladly pay the two-dollar parking fee to local churches and clubs rather than walk the long distances to the core of the activity.

The townspeople are rarely a part of the First Monday mass; Scottsboro residents are more likely to plan their town shopping around the festivities to avoid even leaving home on the day, and many merchants have begun closing on First Monday to avoid the myriad of participants who generally

take no interest in store merchandise. The city administration makes it clear that it in no way supports the trade day, but neither does it actively oppose it. For the administration and Chamber of Commerce, First Monday has become as much a responsibility as welfare relief and civic club giveaways. It has become a necessary social concession, and despite occasional cries from within both organizations, there has been no serious attempt to move the trading out of the city limits. Both realize that the trade day is based in the urban setting and that a move to the unbounded country would surely be its demise. In retaining its original setting, the event retains much of its original flavor, and it remains a social, not a commercial, function.

Although First Monday seems largely to go its own way with the cautious indulgence of city government, the event has not totally escaped an occasional paternal slap. Within the last few years, for instance, hounds have lost their traditional status as a First Monday standard of currency; the city fathers who have experienced the agonizing slip of foot while examining more refined commodities have come to call for enforcement of health department sanitation standards. By the same token, if the pun be excused, mules were banned with the passing of high-topped brogans. Federal gun

control laws slacked the trade of rifles, and a 1971 incident in which eight persons were wounded by the fragments of an accidental 30-30 discharge, stopped their importation altogether.

Knives, however, are still very much a part of traditional First Monday trade. Rows of Tree, Case, and Barlow knives gleam under the glass cases that surround the square, and the men who lounge behind them are likely to be overalled, white-haired, and indignant if asked "How much is it?" They want to trade, not sell. The usual approach is as formulated as parliamentary procedure: after the silent preliminaries of examining the knives to be traded, the antagonists burst into the colorful, descriptive language of the contest. But knife trading is a fine art, and the novice is likely to emerge insulted and cheated from his first encounter with the masters. So the occasional trader will do better to search out the more naive bargainers and to stick to more familiar standards of trade—money is always accepted by the non-purists. However, most items are over-priced, so bargaining is still an essential skill.

The whittlers who sit underneath the square's shade trees still discuss legendary First Monday trades, generally involving tales from the "dog days." Swaps and sales of coon dogs valued in the upper hundreds are not uncommon. Boyd Turner, a late Scottsboro





businessman, told an *Atlanta Constitution* reporter that one dog brought \$1,500—that was in 1960. A less publicized tale involves a member of Auburn University's English Department who traded from a free hardware store yardstick to a three-legged mule. And for every exciting success story, there is an equally fulfilling failure.

But the newer legends, when they are finally told, will more likely involve the antiques that lie in cluttered mounds around the four sides of the courthouse. Coffee grinders, sabers, muskets, railroad lanterns, tobacco plug cutters, arrowheads, rocking chairs, wagon wheels, corn shellers, bottles, coins, churns, and antique store fixtures are just a few of the items that are the prime targets for the avid First Monday bargainer.

To protect the merchants, a city law specifies that anyone selling new merchandise must buy a city business license (prohibitively priced); the law does not prohibit the sale of handicrafts such as leatherwork and hand-



made bonnets. The bonnets are probably the most popular products of First Monday; tables stacked with two, three, and four dollar models are usually bare by Monday mid-afternoon. But in spite of the law, an occasional "Hell no, I ain't fergittin'" beach towel or Last Supper tapestry, featuring a pink and purple Jesus, still hangs from clotheslines strung behind the campers.

But to most First Monday goers, the merchandise is not the most interesting aspect of the occasion; the biggest show is the First Monday character himself, whether he be part of the spectator throng or one set apart. The traders, for instance, are an interesting group: dressed for the occasion in various costumes, their delight is in haggling, not selling. Some are content to display the few odd pieces of junk they've lugged into town, and they sit in woven plastic lounges while the crowd mills by. One trader, who for years occupied the same corner, even refused to quote prices or negotiate any swaps; he merely sat behind his flat-bed truck, which was filled with worthless scrap iron, and solemnly observed. One character, arrayed in western chaps, denim shirt, and toy sheriff's badge, invariably draws his gun for the elated tourist photographer.

Preachers, as florid as the Last Supper tapestry, call for repentance and offer salvation. Armed with the Authorized Version and pointed

finger, they ferment in the noon sun and then explode into pentecostal rapture. The unknown tongue is often answered with equally ecstatic, unintelligible phrases or an inspired "Amen," but more often passes unacknowledged by the picnickers whose attention wanders from one attraction to the next.

But more popular among both the regular and occasional trade day crowds are the clusters of musicians that congregate on or around the courthouse steps. Guitars, banjos, upright basses, mandolins, fiddles, and dobros band together for traditional ballads and "rags" that show no tinge of post-Hank Williams honky-tonky country. Many of the older banjo pickers still use the now defunct "claw-hammer" style rather than the newer three-finger method. Often three generations of the same family, women included, all whine the music of the Appalachian country, but by the end of the day, the individual members are likely to be scattered among as many groups. The First Monday musician seldom lingers in the same group for more than ten songs before he wanders to the next. The repertoire is fairly standard: "Wabash Cannonball," "Orange Blossom Special," "Bonaparte's Retreat," as well as numerous gospel standards, echo from gathering to gathering. Many of the instruments, particularly fiddles and guitars, are of "My-uncle-





in -Tennessee -made- it" origins, and many of the older musicians can play anything with strings. The bandstand on the north side of the square is reserved for organized gospel groups and less rowdy preachers; WROS, the "Wild Rose of Scottsboro," broadcasts and organizes the bandstand event, but the trade day visitors usually avoid the electronics—the amplification somehow dulls the spirit.

The musicians, like the knives, are a First Monday tradition that has changed little over the years: tattooed,

leather-necked, with hands that seem ill-suited to music, the same ones appear Monday after Monday of year after year. The only difference is that the virtuoso, with the exception of an occasional fiddler under the courthouse eaves, has largely passed.

Despite the tradition, characters, and atmosphere that have made First Monday so remarkable, the sudden popularity of the event has had its detrimental effects. A *New York Times* write-up, numerous ETV broadcasts, and travel magazine ar-

ticles have drawn such numbers of spectators and traders that the event is beginning to lose much of the rural atmosphere. Gaudy cut glass, Smoky Mountain souvenirs, and pictures of "you and the Indian chief" are infecting an event where the previous trash was at least unique. No doubt the trade day will continue the trend toward modernity, but at the core, there is still a country-fried flavor. And it's just earthy enough to be real.



## THE INTRUDER

Alexander Graham Bell, I hate you. I know that you invented the telephone to ruin my life. Well, you succeeded! Not only have I spent enough money for long distance calls to own controlling stock in A.T.&T., but I have been hounded at the most inconvenient times by that box on the wall.

I can count on my fingers and one set of toes the number of uninterrupted baths I have taken, thanks to that contraption. It's as if you send signals to notify everyone that I am in the shower, because we both know that I cannot ignore a ringing telephone.

I used to take the receiver off the hook while I slept, but you stopped that with that nice little howler that sounds like an air raid warning. So now, as you knew I would, I make promises and commitments in my sleep.

What bothers me the most though, is that I can't complain to you, because your line is always busy!

—Joye Hebson

## PIDDLIN'

Sittin' here piddlin'  
in de middle ob de day,  
rhymin' an' riddlin'  
ain't makin no pay,

ain't savin' no souls  
ner balin' no hay,  
jes feel liks piddlin'  
a might terday.

If de Lawd was ter come  
aroun' an' say,  
"Jes, what is you doin'  
on dis judgment day"

"Why Lawd, lse piddlin' "  
I'd up an say.  
den mos likely I'd be piddlin'  
down de udder way.

Cause Hey, diddle diddle  
de cat an de fiddle  
ain't de onliest ones  
what likes to piddle.

—Pam Spencer

## OF MECHANIZATION

The world has become so mechanized that humans are being replaced by the machines which were built to better man's life. Yes, these machines have been of "great" benefit to the world. They kill millions on the highways each year, they account for vast numbers of unemployed, and they take a perfectly correct college schedule and lacerate it in every conceivable manner. If this trend continues, all that will remain of the human form will be that portion of the brain necessary to place electrical impulses on computer tape.

What ever happened to the sweat of the brow or the good old reliable horse? They were both destroyed by an environment which they helped create. A person needs to take a walk in Samford Park on a sunny day when birds are chirping and a slight breeze is blowing in order to regain the simple pleasures lost in the mechanical abyss which is trying to engulf him.

—Bob McGuire





Illustration: Randy Nowell

## UPDATE 1975

To continue its intensive study of marijuana usage, the *Circle* has recruited a new team of reporters to pick up where we left off with our fall issue. Although this team has been privy to all of our previous work, each member of it has launched out on his own to secure new information and provide a fresh perspective. The following articles by Maureen Drost, Scarlett Robinson, and Pete Zuales are the fruits of our renewed effort to illuminate one of the most serious problems on the Auburn University campus and throughout Lee County.



### Harsh Laws Fail Their Purpose

By Scarlett Robinson

Arrest and imprisonment for possession of marijuana is more harmful than any possible physiological and psychological damage resulting from use of the drug: this is the unanimous contention of twenty people who were arrested for possession of marijuana while students at Auburn Univer-

sity. This group also agrees unanimously that arrest and imprisonment are harsh social responses for the possession of a substance that *may be* hazardous when alcohol, nicotine, and even glue have already proven lethal when abused, yet have not been prohibited as marijuana has.

"An enlightened society presumably enacts laws primarily to deter rather than simply to punish," the *Circle* noted last fall. As deterrents marijuana laws have been a colossal failure across the United States. A few years ago, finding it next to impossible to secure a conviction in court because of the heavy penalties decreed for possession, law enforcement officers joined the chorus already crying for a reduction of the heavy penalties.

Laws in all fifty states were reduced as a result of the massive protests. Although state and local marijuana arrests reported to the FBI rose steadily as "busts" became easier with milder, enforceable laws, the massive police effort was paralleled by a great upsurge of marijuana intake especially among the young.

At the present time, marijuana is almost universally available and especially available at universities, including Auburn. Despite this availability, law enforcement officers—including those in Auburn and Opelika—defend strict laws as a means of limiting supply and usage.

These strict laws not only have failed to limit the supply significantly but also have failed to deter users. For example, only one of the twenty former marijuana smokers interviewed is indeed a "former" smoker.

In October of 1973, Oregon lawmakers decided to reform their laws experimentally to see for themselves. They decriminalized the possession of small amounts of marijuana, subjected possessors only to a civil arrest and imprisonment.

Today, now that a little more than a year has passed, the results of Oregon's decriminalization are in. A series of interviews with 802 Oregon residents representing a cross section of the state's adult population reveal that during the year without criminal penalties, only four of the group started smoking marijuana. Certainly this is not the "marijuana explosion" predicted by opponents of decriminalization.

The Oregon Experiment demonstrated that nonusers of marijuana had persuasive reasons for not using it without needing to buttress their decisions with fear of criminal prosecution. Ninety-one percent of the respondents reported that they were not smoking marijuana for the following reasons: 53 percent—not interested; 23 percent—risk of health; four percent—risk of prosecution; nine



percent—other reasons; nine percent—undecided; two percent—marijuana not available.

While the experiment did not increase the number of users significantly, it had other effects. Lane County (city of Eugene) District Attorney J. Pat Horton told a conference for the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws: "Decriminalization has, in fact, prioritized police work into areas of violent crime and crime against property. When possession of small amounts of marijuana was a crime, we found that police officers allocated a disproportionate amount of their time to the apprehension of those individuals....Citizens are now recognizing that Oregon police are truly serving the interest of society rather than attempting to enforce unenforceable laws." He notes that "the community leaders of tomorrow no longer need fear the threat of criminal convictions on their record for engaging in behavior that is socially acceptable in many quarters."

Auburn Police Spokesman Glenn Dahlen denies that the Auburn Police Department spends a disproportionate amount of time in apprehending possessors of marijuana: "Only three people out of a sixty-one man department are in the Vice and Narcotics Squad. With 28,000 people in the city, this is not very many officers to assign to it. Outside the squad, the rest of the department spends less than five percent of their time in making arrests for possession. If a regular patrolman is confronted with marijuana face to face, he'll make the arrest, but he isn't out looking for it."

Both Opelika Lt. Dan Davis and Dahlen emphasize that their departments aren't so much interested in the experimental user as out to get the dealers: "Our whole program has been primarily aimed at pushing. That's it. We can't afford anything more," stated Davis. "We don't have a nickel to buy drugs or to pay informers."

"Although we make very few arrests for selling, we are primarily after the dealer. But since it takes such a tremendous amount of money and manpower to secure a conviction for an arrest for selling, we simply try to get two con-

victions for possession on those who we suspect of pushing. If a person is convicted for possession twice, the second arrest automatically becomes a felony. Those who have been 'busted' once know that the next time they'll have to serve time," said Dahlen.

Auburn's reputation as a "bad" town in which to use marijuana or other drugs isn't just accidental, according to Dahlen: "We want it out that Auburn is not the place to do drugs in, since our main goal is to cut off the incoming supply of marijuana."

Dahlen and Davis are law enforcers, each with his personal opinions on the use of the herb and the equity of the law concerning it, but as they continually counter, their job is to enforce the law, not to make it.

Auburn's State Senator Ted Little, however, is one of the legislators who have the responsibility of making laws. Senator Little says he does not intend to work for lessening the penalties for possession or selling marijuana.

"Even though it is the victim that is primarily damaged, it is not a victimless crime. History has shown us with alcohol that once you allow people to legally use drugs that are non-prescriptive, a number of people are incapable of using them without hurting themselves and others. Therefore, the reason government officials should be concerned with this is not only that the life and health of the individual is injured, but people become addicted to a degree that they no longer have self-discipline and then become burdens to society. Also, many of them cannot afford medical attention and therefore have to ask the taxpayers to pick up the tab for public medical attention.

"As far as I am concerned, statistics have neither proved nor disproved that marijuana is not addicting. But hard drugs are. And talking with people in jail for the use of hard drugs reveals that marijuana was the first drug they tried."

Asked if he thought alcohol should not have been legalized, he stated, "On the basis of the problems we are now having with alcohol, obviously it should not have been made legal. However, we might be creating a

monstrous social problem if we made it illegal now."

Could we be creating this monstrous social problem with marijuana as well, since polls have shown that more than fifty percent of those aged 16 to 22 are using it? "We could be, but we might be creating too much of another problem if we do....I don't feel like we are disenfranchising the young by not making marijuana legal. They can and do use alcohol, too," said Senator Little.

"Furthermore, I think most college students are intelligent enough to realize that they can advocate decriminalization to their lawmakers without getting 'busted.' Yet not even one has petitioned me formally to decriminalize it. As an elected official I do not feel it well advised to openly advocate decriminalization when I have not been petitioned to do so."

Senator Little says it would take a complete change of mind to persuade him to work for decriminalization. However, as a politician, he says that he "would listen as open-mindedly as possible to anyone who was sincere and advocated decriminalization not just to get themselves out of trouble."

Even if a majority of his district petitioned him to decriminalize marijuana usage, Senator Little said he could not be sure that is what he would work for: "A lot of the time what the majority wants is not what is best. In the South, if we had done what the majority wanted, we would not have had school busing (which is healthy in the long run even though it has been abused by court orders). Alcohol has already given us an example of the problems we can have by making a drug available. Why should we take the chance of making legal that which could be just as or more dangerous than alcohol? Two wrongs really don't make a right."

Senator Little's argument falls before the fact of the drug's widespread availability, an availability that has not so far been curbed by harsh laws. A number of Auburn University students and faculty, including many who do not use marijuana, personally feel that it should be decriminalized, that people should be allowed to make the decision for



themselves. These Auburn people have some distinguished company: The American Bar Association, the National Education Association, the American Public Health Association, Governing Board of the American Medical Association, National Advisory Commission on Criminal Justice Standards and Goals, National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse (the Shafer Commission), National Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws, and the National Council of Churches have also come to the conclusion that criminal penalties should be removed for marijuana possession and personal use.



## Research Inadequate

By Maureen Drost

Law enforcement officers, doctors, and research scientists do not yet know the total effects of marijuana. Temporary effects, made on the basis of observation, have fairly definite proofs and many people know them. However, no one knows the permanent effects because of inadequate research. In preparing this report I noted two deficiencies: 1. Persons interviewed or authors of books or articles apply particular slants in their respective interviews, books, or articles. 2. Little new research seems to be occurring at Auburn University or elsewhere. In addition, Auburn University's library lacks many current books and articles on the subject. My major sources are the magazine *Consumer Reports*, an abnormal psychology textbook, some hearings in Congress before the Subcommittee on Alcoholism and Narcotics, and interviews with Dr. Byron Williams, Jr., Auburn University professor of psychopharmacology, and Dr. Barry Burkhardt, Auburn University assistant

professor of psychology and clinical psychologist.

The number of beneficial temporary effects approximates the number of harmful temporary effects. According to Dr. Williams, one of the most notable beneficial temporary effects is its euphoria-inducing power. Dr. Burkhardt says that marijuana intensifies the user's sensory perceptions and that some users say they develop insights. However, he adds, testing does not prove the validity of these insights. Persons smoking marijuana alone may be inactive, meditative, sleepy, and quiet, according to Dr. Williams, but a group smoking marijuana tends to have much friendly interaction and hilarity. Also on the beneficial side are possible medical uses as an analgesic and a sedative and marijuana's therapeutic value in causing the brain to remember some facts and forget others.

In contrast, impairment of visual and motor functions is one of the harmful temporary effects. Rapid emotional changes due to large doses, decreasing alertness, fragmented thought, impaired memory, and hallucinations and other effects similar to LSD are also evident. New users may have great anxieties because they fear that the changes occurring are not caused by the drug or that the changes are irreversible. Less concentrated, consequential thinking along with inaccurate perception (especially with regard to speed and distance, judgment is distorted and colors are more vivid), increased pulse and heart rates, and bloodshot eyes are other temporary effects of marijuana.

The evidence of permanent physical or psychological effects is much less conclusive. However, studies in the past few years on marijuana's effects point to the possibility of permanent health defects for marijuana users, according to Robert DuPont, director of the Special Action Office for Drug Abuse Prevention and the National Institute on Drug Abuse.

Five major findings have emerged from research during the last few years. Two of these involve the possibility of cancer. According to one report, marijuana smoking decreases the body's resistance to cancer and in-

fectious diseases, and according to the other it initiates precancerous changes in lung cells and causes further lung damage. In the other three studies, one shows that marijuana smoking hurts the brain irreversibly and prematurely ages it; another shows that it heightens the likelihood of hereditary diseases and birth defects; and the third demonstrates that for men smoking marijuana may lead to impotence, sterility, or both of these conditions.

However, *Consumer Reports* discusses these five findings in a recent issue and points out the faults in them. Some of the faults indicated include subjects' multiple drug use before the study, massive doses of marijuana administered in the project which are atypical of current usage in the United States, and the paucity of samples in the research. The magazine article also presents a study made in Jamaica where marijuana smoking has a longer history than in this country and where users take heavier, more frequent doses than do users here. That study uncovers no significant harmful physical effects.

The evidence of temporary effects noted by observation seems to be more conclusive than the permanent effects measured by research. The lack of research, its poor quality, and the contradictory nature of its findings make definite statements of marijuana's permanent effects impossible. Until research becomes reliable the permanent effects of marijuana will not be known.



## Drug Use at Auburn University

By Pete Zurales

In the late 1960's, a new subculture, with established conduct norms and common values, appeared in America. Composed chiefly of people aged sixteen to twenty-five, this new segment of our society is known properly as the



*drug subculture*. Other labels might be applied to the group, but any other would be misleading, for participation in the drug subculture only requires the use of marijuana, and to a lesser extent, experimentation with other drugs. The only values commonly shared are those concerning drug use. Marijuana is, for most users, a social norm, and in and of itself, a social function. To put it simply, pot brings people together. The subculture has grown considerably; Gallup found that the number of college students who used marijuana had risen from five percent in the spring of 1967 to fifty-one percent by 1972.

The drug subculture is also present at Auburn, although not quite so prevalent as in other parts of the country. Gallup, for instance, found the Deep South in general to be below national averages in marijuana and other illegal drug usage. A current random sample of more than 200 Auburn students reveals that 40 percent have tried marijuana. Only 17.8 percent of those who tried marijuana have discontinued their use of the drug. Half (50.6 percent) of those who smoke do so fewer than twelve times per year. Moderate users, those who smoke one to three times per month, constitute 14.8 percent; 9.8 percent smoke once or twice per week; 8.6 percent smoke three to six times per week; and 7.4 percent said they smoke every day. Thus 25.8 percent of those who smoke marijuana—about 10 percent of the entire student body—do so at least once a week.

An interesting side result of the poll is the suggestion that Auburn coeds are somewhat less marijuana prone than male students: coeds constituted 48.6 percent of the respondents but only 42.2 percent of those who have tried marijuana.

As would be expected in the drug subculture, marijuana users tend to associate with other marijuana users. Among those who smoke marijuana, 71.5 percent reported that at least half of their friends also smoke. In contrast, half (50.8 percent) of those who have never tried marijuana reported that none of their friends smoke, and 35 percent reported that no more than a fourth of their friends smoke. Ten per-

cent of the users said all their friends also smoke, but none of the non-users reported the same. However, 8.6 percent of the users claim that none of their friends also smoke. One respondent commented, "Marijuana is illegal—none of my friends smoke and none ever will." Further, 67.8 percent of the users said that they usually or always smoke marijuana with others; 16 percent said they were as likely to be alone as with others. Fewer than 4 percent reported usually smoking alone (12.9 percent indicated they had discontinued use).

A full 81.6 percent of the marijuana users have tried at least one other illegal drug (other than hashish, more potent than marijuana but from the same plant). Amphetamines, barbiturates, THC (a chemically-produced copy of the active ingredient in marijuana) and psilocybin (a chemical hallucinogen found in mushrooms), were cited most frequently. Less frequently used drugs in-

clude cocaine, LSD, and opium. While 81.6 percent had experimented with at least one other drug, only a third (34.2 percent) of these went on to use another drug as often as six times per year. About half of those cited at least six times per year were amphetamines and/or barbiturates. Only four percent of the non-users had experimented with other drugs.

Marijuana users were asked to indicate how old they were when they first tried marijuana. The survey indicated that the younger the person at present, the younger the age when he first smoked. Those who had first tried smoking over the age of 21 numbered 6.1 percent; 11.1 percent were 20 or 21; 32.5 percent were 18 or 19; 30.8 percent were 16 or 17; 14.8 percent were 14 or 15; and 3.7 percent were 12 or 13. The survey also revealed that the further one had progressed in college, the more likely were his chances of having tried marijuana.



#### UPON LEARNING THE TRUTH ABOUT THE DEATH OF A MERCHANT SEAMAN IN GREENVILLE, N.C.

You can relax now, Papa-dear.  
All yore chillen finally done got shoes.  
One a schoolteacher and two, young union men.  
Ain't that the living end!  
Surprise! Surprise!

You can relax now, Father-mine.  
You have been mourned.  
Now you can curl your spirit in your bones and rest:  
The Greenville tavern-hoppers all concur  
You got it with a cuestick to the head.  
Surprise! Surprise!  
We saw you lying button-tufted, cool and blue,  
The hemorrhage-spot all bird-egged on the brain,  
And thought, "By God, he did it! Died in bed!"  
And all the time it was a cuestick to the head.

You can relax now, Daddy-O  
We know you died just like you always planned.  
Upright and dressed and drunk, just out of bed.  
Surprise! Surprise!  
Well, now we know  
Old Zorro singlehandedly slew five.  
Oh, what a good old knightly dad!  
We orphaned peasants now applaud.

—Pat Keller



"Hi, Captain High! How high are you?"

"I'm high as the sky, boys and girls. High as the sky on the real thing!"

Captain High spun around on one blue patent leather knee-high boot. Stomped the other down. And threw his arms out as if signifying the base runner safe and pronounced, "God is real. God is alive and the real thing."

This was the thirteenth consecutive Saturday morning Alvin Cochran appeared before the WGOD-TV cameras as Captain High. His baby-blue eyes artificially sparkled for the millions of infatuated children parked in front of their home sets. His red-fringed and star-spangled tunic swelled with his breath.

"Does God want us to take narcotics?"

An emphatic "NO" shot back at him from his nine and ten-year-old studio audience. Alvin threw his flowing yellow hair back, put his hands on his hips, and questioned, "Are we loyal supporters of Major Tommy and his never ending battle against Drug Abuse?"

"Yes, we are loyal supporters of Major Tommy and his never ending battle against Drug Abuse!" the cued siblings repeated.

"Stand and repeat after me," Captain High commanded, giving the Major Tommy salute. The thirty-plus youngsters clambered to their feet. Their parents sat fidgeting with the God-awful metal chairs, looking very middle class and proud.

Captain High recited, "I," the children responded, "I." Captain High continued, "as a loyal supporter of Major Tommy's fight against drugs." Two crew men held opposite ends of a cue card beside camera 3 and the young audience responded. Captain High solemnly concluded, "do promise to turn in all known users of drugs to our local police."

His arm remained thrust out in front of him, three fingers protruding in a resemblance to the Boy Scout salute.

The children read Captain High's final words from a second cue card, dropped their arms and sat down.

During the church-sponsored, anti-drug program's second showing, Alvin had administered the Major Tommy

oath and salute right on the air. Fortunately for a not-so-surprised Alvin, it turned out to be the kind of thing the kids enjoyed doing. The parents appreciated the conscientious anti-drug effort, the writers got nauseated over it, and everyone else enjoyed what it did for the show's ratings.

And now after 12 weeks, Alvin spun into the chair of the fake control panel, which focused on Major Tommy's latest adventure against the underworld forces of narcotics. Camera 1 zoomed in on the T.V. monitor concealed in the panel of flashing lights. Captain High flipped a fake switch on

the panel and called into the non-functioning microphone.

"Calling Major Tommy, calling Major Tommy, come in Major Tommy."

The static left the monitor's screen and the cartoon character Major Tommy appeared dressed exactly like Captain High except for the large gold-braided oak leaves on the shoulders of his red tunic.

Major Tommy proceeded to congratulate Captain High and the boys and girls for the valiant work against drugs and their users and for their support of God and country.

Suddenly, Major Tommy received a

# HIGH ON THE REAL THING

FICTION BY DAVID WILLIAMS



call on his two-way wrist radio. It seemed the government forces of Turkey were not enough to battle back the smuggling hordes of Dirty-Harry Heroin. So off Major Tommy flew like Mighty Mouse, but not before he saluted the boys and girls who hollered back, "We're behind you all the way, Major Tommy!"

Captain High rolled back the chair and strolled over to where the director was standing. The parents and children became engrossed in the studio monitors as an unrelenting Major Tommy struggled against his arch-villainous rival.

Major Tommy's methadone ray blasted the hero's way to freedom from Harry's clutches, a feat which enabled him to capture Harry's horde and have them sentenced to work in half-way houses around the world. Harry in the meantime had managed to elude Major Tommy in his LSD-25 Lear Jet.

As the faithful followers watched Major Tommy fade from the monitors, the station crew finished preparing the Birthday Booth for the show's honored guests. Finished with that task they shuffled six of the youngsters into their seats of recognition. Captain High left the director anticipating an early tee-off time that afternoon and took his mark in front of the booth.

Before Captain High could ask the first boy his name, he jumped to his feet and proudly announced, "Captain High, sir, I'm Cadet Williamson and I want to turn in my brother for smoking marijuana. He sneaks in the bathroom and makes it all smelly, then eats up all the chocolate cookies Mommy just bought."

Rumbles rose from the separate parent and children sections, the kids whispering among themselves and the parents holding back laughter while craning their necks to locate the embarrassed adults. The cameramen became more exuberant, having to hold their stomachs, when another youngster blurted out, "I wanna turn in my mother, she gets high on tranquilizers." Another birthday boy picked up the cue and shouted, "You oughta see my sister when she comes in

at night, her eyes look like a Georgia highway map."

The director's arms were still wrapped around the right side of his head, but the thought of a 300-yard shot down the middle of the fairway had long passed as he gazed helplessly at the lighted set.

"Danny Renfro gave our dog a hit of acid, Capt. High." "Yeah, and Tommy McDonnell puts pot in the brownies he brings to school," another announced.

"Attennnn-hut!" Captain High shouted as silence overwhelmed the

kids but not the hurting cameramen and still snickering parents.

"Major Tommy will learn of all these drug offenders and will begin immediately to pursue them with his methadone ray to destroy them all." Captain High reestablished his composure and thanked the boys and girls for wanting to help so vigorously then closed the show with the Captain High and Major Tommy Rule of Life reminding everyone to "Get High on the Real Thing."



## BECAUSE YOU LOVE HER

Because you love her,  
I'll tie ribbons to her name  
And speak thoughts of her in broad leisure;  
And when she enters,  
When you ask her to remain,  
I'll close the closet door before my face  
And soundlessly echo your pleasure  
And whisper words to supplement your grace.

Because you love her,  
I'll build reinforced sun castles  
And soak up the sad and harsh puddles;  
And when you lose her,  
Disentangle ivy trestles,  
I'll close the French sun windows to the pier,  
Remembering her name because you will  
And being close enough to share the fire.

—Martha Headley Feld

## RITUAL WALK

Row upon row, all straight and richly bound—  
The books. He held me—there among the shelves  
And on the stairs—in his dark glasses.  
I would say "Come" or "Call."  
He would say "No, it isn't wise,"  
It isn't wise. . . .  
I walk, now, in the cool, accustomed places—  
Under the arches, along the gravelled paths—  
Somehow more gently than before.  
And lovelier. I see it in their faces  
As they pass: the tall young men.  
I wear his touch like the bouquet of subtle wines  
And they, appreciative, bend to know.  
But constantly I go, in slow surprise,  
Past tall young men in green and amber glasses.  
I would be kind, were I not wise.

—Pat Keller



# HOW GOOD IS AMERICA'S TV EVENING NEWS

BY NED BROWNING AND BILLY LEONARD

The hounded political agents of Watergate did not invent hostility toward the American press. The first newspaper attempted in the American colonies, an ambitious little Boston paper called *Publick Occurrences Both Forreign and Domestick* which proposed to record "Memorable Occurents of Divine Providence," was quickly suppressed four days after publication of its first issue for printing "sundry doubtful and uncertain Reports." Fortunately, other attempts to disseminate information among Americans survived to develop into a press tradition as revered (and misunderstood) as the First Amendment to the United States Constitution.

Modern television news broadcasting—particularly the familiar 5:30 News—reaches and influences more Americans than has any other journalistic effort ever before. According to CBS, for example, ap-

proximately twenty million people watch Walter Cronkite each evening. It is only natural to question such a powerful public voice. How responsible are the major TV networks? How complete and accurate are their reports, how biased their announcers? The *Circle* recently asked a panel of "experts" to discuss these and other questions.

After arbitrarily choosing a viewing period in mid-April, we invited the following people from various parts of the university community to scrutinize closely network newscasts: Leslie C. Campbell, associate dean of the School of Arts and Sciences (and former NBC news correspondent); Marian F. Chastain, associate professor of nutrition and foods; Thomas I. Dickson, associate professor of political science; Robin F. Fabel, instructor of history; Clarence E. Scarsbrook, professor of agronomy

and soils; and John D. (Jack) Simms, head of the Journalism Department (and former Associated Press deputy national sports editor). With the exception of Simms, no mass-media specialists took part in the analysis. Instead we simply asked the professors to judge the networks in the light of their own sociological, political, and academic backgrounds. Thus we hoped to obtain a well-rounded evaluation of the accuracy, objectivity, and completeness of the nightly television news.

Our two-week concentrated viewing period was, to say the least, atypical in content. The April 14th news wrap-up began with reports of Khmer Rouge rebels working their way into the heart of Phnom Penh. The closing broadcast on April 27th ended with scenes of distraught South Vietnamese refugees fleeing a crumbling Saigon. During this time the networks



devoted approximately half their evening telecast time to the collapse of Cambodia and South Vietnam.

This sudden return to extensive coverage of a topic which has been noticeably underplayed on television in the past two years made it appear as if the war had never ceased except before the eyes of America's TV faithful. The return to extensive coverage of Southeast Asia inspired our first question concerning the effects of broadcast news on the way Americans view the world.

*Circle:* First of all, how much do you think television shapes our views of the world around us? Have we truly become a TV generation?

*Chastain:* The networks have a considerable effect on our perception of the world. In the last two weeks, for example, we saw fifteen minutes of Vietnam every night, because that's what the networks chose for us to hear and see. I think they have a great influence; there were certainly other things in the news during this period, but nobody got to see much of them.

*Circle:* What were some of these things that were left out?

*Fabel:* In the past couple of weeks there were no newsworthy items coming out of Africa, according to the networks. And there were other continents that were ignored. Australia wasn't mentioned once. In Europe, which usually attracts more attention, there is a very important election taking place in Northern Ireland, but not a single mention of this on television, although it has been in the newspapers.

*Dickson:* There are around 140 nations in the world, and I counted only sixteen that were covered in two weeks. Of course, most of the news on television that deals with foreign affairs has been tied up with Indochina. There were a few other references, but they seemed to fit one of two criteria—either the situation was violent, or there was a direct U.S. interest. If you go beyond that, you don't find much that comes over the networks. With regard to foreign countries, newspapers just about double the coverage.

*Simms:* I'd like to point out the reason we got fifteen minutes of Vietnam every night—because the situation

there is the type of event which has the picture to go with it. But to answer that first question about the effect of broadcast news, the polls show that an increasing number of Americans depend on television as their primary source of news. This is something that disturbs me a great deal, because I think we are becoming less informed. The networks have about twenty-four minutes to present the news after they get the commercials out of the way. They seem to have gone absolutely hog-wild over "sound on film." It has become primarily an entertainment medium, not a news medium.

*Dickson:* The problem is also in the kind of things that are covered. Because of the entertainment and the "sound on film" aspect, if you watch the world news, and by that I mean the reports of everything that goes on in the world, you would come to the conclusion that the world is a remarkably violent place, much more violent than it really is.

*Fabel:* I lived in England for many years, and a lot of what I knew about the United States came from British television. And I can assure you that the United States seems to be a much, much more violent place than it really is, because violence dominates the newscasts.

*Circle:* How about bias? How do you think the presentation of the news affects the viewer's perception of the event?

*Simms:* I think the average viewer believes that what he sees on television that half hour is the most important information that occurred that day. Television is more credible to the average viewer than the newspaper.

*Scarsbrook:* One of the important points about this is that people are influenced very much by TV in areas with which they are not particularly concerned or in which they don't have preconceived notions. If they feel very strongly about something, for example if a person is a very strong member of the Democratic party, he may just turn off anything that is said against the Party. But if people aren't particularly concerned with this issue one way or another, they are apt to believe what they hear. This is the great danger of bias on television.

*Campbell:* I would like to see more well-informed opinion than there is. But the kind of bias I object to came forth on a CBS special. To be fair to the people on the networks, it may reflect the national bias right now, that is, a great sense of relief that Saigon has capitulated and that the United States has managed an escape at the last moment. But the background music that was used as that special closed were two protest songs of the Sixties, "Blowing in the Wind," and "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" That is subliminal bias, which may be the most insidious kind. Now, as I say, that may reflect the national mood, but it's noticeable that "The Star-Spangled Banner" was not played.

*Simms:* In line with that, on Sunday, April 14th, NBC had a four- or five-minute story on Cambodia, and it was labeled: "Cambodia—A Country of Beauty and Gentle Music." They said that if the Khmer Rouge take the country "this will change." That's how they ended the program, with a definite bias. How do they know it's going to change?

*Fabel:* You're touching on one aspect of bias that, it seems to me, nobody is aware of. That is, the networks feel that they can, on any question, be extremely pro-American. It's all right to be always anti-Communist; again this is understandable. But it is a definite and permanent bias in all the networks to be always pro-American on virtually every issue.

*Scarsbrook:* I don't feel that is always true. For example, when we were bombing North Vietnam, there were people who went over there, and from the television reports, you would think that they were giving the dominant opinion—that we were mistreating the North Vietnamese, and the bombs were hitting nothing but hospitals. So I don't think that pro-American bias has always been the case.

*Circle:* What do these observations imply about the duty of the networks? Should they have responsibility for policing bias, and are they even trying?

*Scarsbrook:* I think they are trying, but they are just like you and me; everybody's biased. I don't think they are trying hard enough to control their



bias, and this is where the danger lies. They don't try to be biased; they just don't have any control over it.

*Simms:* I disagree. The reporters, at least all the good ones, are aware of their biases. When it's something they feel strongly about, I think they make a conscious effort. It's a red flag that comes up in front of them. I know it did when I was a reporter. If I was very much in favor of something or very much opposed to it, when I reported on it I was careful to try to present as unbiased a view as I could.

*Dickson:* I'm not sure they all do that. Of course, I didn't hear a great deal that was out of line, but I heard a few remarks that were a little startling. Marvin Kalb on CBS said that the United States military incursion into Cambodia led to the Communist victory. From the point of view of both politics and the military situation in Cambodia, this is a most startling conclusion. And there are several other examples of bias of this type.

*Circle:* Since the networks apparently shape much of the public's perception of the world, what is the real value of broadcast news?

*Simms:* If you're only watching TV, I think you might be in trouble.

*Dickson:* As far as I'm concerned, it has very little value. The time involved is about the same it takes you to read the newspaper at breakfast. I'm not sure the picture part of it is terribly useful as an advantage over the written word. For example, by reading *The Montgomery Advertiser*, which is certainly no large metropolitan area newspaper, I discovered that I could save myself half an hour a day, because everything which comes over the networks will also be in the newspaper.

*Circle:* On the basis of your total television viewing experience, how do you rate networks and the overall medium?

*Chastain:* Previously I'd had the opinion that CBS was the most biased. My watching these past two weeks didn't bear that out. From what I saw I couldn't tell anything from the Vietnam coverage, if there was bias or not. But on a report about the level of carcinogenic agents in drinking water, I felt that NBC had a definite bias. CBS

also reported the EPA's study and surprisingly did it very objectively. NBC also really took Secretary Butz apart, and unduly so, I thought. Those were two big instances of bias I observed, and from that, my opinion of NBC has gone down somewhat. I think I would say ABC is the most objective. I've seen periods of bias on CBS in the past, but for this period, I would place them in the middle.

*Dickson:* I don't have any preference on that score. It seems to me that CBS, although it is a little hurried, tends to have a broader coverage in the number of items it deals with. Of course, most of those items are two-liners, but at least CBS did say something about more things than any of the other networks. Of course on all the networks we saw Southeast Asia *ad nauseum*. At least once NBC didn't start with it. One night it chose the delightful subject of the cost of living and food prices to start out.

*Fabel:* Of course several books have been written on network bias and they generally come up with the conclusion of liberal bias instead of conservative bias. I must say I do not find much evidence of that.

*Campbell:* The bias on television is not from the Eastern liberal establishment, but is a bias to get on action film.

*Fabel:* That's right. It seems to me in the great liberal versus conservative controversy, it is reasonably hard to find overt bias one way or another. It crept in sometimes in the commentary, but in regard to the rest of the programs, I think all three networks get rather high marks for impartiality. If anything, there is a conservative bias, and where there is, it is on ABC. On balance, I think NBC comes out best in that it doesn't have a commentary, which is, as I stated before, where overt bias shows the most.

*Scarsbrook:* In my experience, I have found CBS to be by far the most biased of the networks. A great many notches down would be NBC, and following not very far behind is ABC. Now one reason I think for ABC's not being so biased is that it doesn't have big name stars, so it doesn't have to put on a big show. Overall, I would trade all of television for a few issues of *The Swiss World Review*.

*Campbell:* I also would give a very strong vote to NBC as being relatively free from bias and for general excellence for its newscasting. As I said before, I have no objection to well-informed opinion. In the case of CBS, I think its mistakes result from having uninformed reporters and also from being too enthusiastic.

*Simms:* I like commentary and I think it adds something to the program. One of the things that disturbs me about it is that probably a large percentage of the American viewers don't realize that it really is commentary. They think that everything the man says is fact. But overall I think NBC is probably the straightest of the three. I like the ABC format better, because I've had the impression that you can give more news and fewer fillers if you have two commentators. You can switch back and forth like NBC did so effectively with Huntley and Brinkley. I would rate NBC as best and probably CBS second. I like CBS even though it's a little more gung-ho in that it chases a little harder and plays the game a little harder. That may be why it comes up a little more cockeyed at times. It's not responsible journalism, I'll grant you that.



## THE THOUGHTS OF MAN

The thoughts of man

are free:

to plan ...

to wish ...

to hope ...

to love ...

to hate ...

to wait ...to wait ... to wait ...

Until its too late, and someone  
Else has stolen your plan, MAN.

—Charles A. McDonald



BY LINDA LEAMING

What would I do if the old woman's eyes suddenly flashed fire and her head pivoted in a three hundred and sixty degree turn a la *The Exorcist*? Having come from a background where little is spoken or believed of the supernatural, my imagination ran wild with thoughts of demonic spirits, incantations, Satanic rituals, abductions of small children by wandering gypsies, and the like.

Sister Leisha's inaccessibility, even by telephone, reinforced my suspicions. The complicated telephone communications system began with a child's voice answering the phone: "Hello." "May I speak to Sister Leisha?" I stumbled on the divine's name; after all, this is the twentieth century and I'm no primitive Baptist. "One moment," was the child's reply.

A more mature female voice spoke next. I tried to explain the purpose of my mission, but my listener understood very little of my Southern drawl. "You wanna speak to de reader?" She interrupted. For a moment I reconsidered. "Yes...please." Evidently this "reader" was going to pick her own time to talk. The mysterious voice informed me that "She cannot speak now. Call back at nine."

But finally Sister Leisha herself spoke to me and agreed to an appointment. Accompanied by faithful scribe and photographer, I made the twenty minute ride out Highway 29 to Sister Leisha's home and office, located approximately halfway between Opelika and Fairfax. About a hundred yards from our destination we sighted two brightly painted signs: one of a large red palm and the other of a female Indian's head, both similar to signs you might see along a rural stretch of highway anywhere in the South. As we turned in the driveway between the signs, my exotic visions wavered when I spotted a tan double-wide trailer behind a bored-looking child of four or five playing in the dirt.

[illegible]

*Photography: David Cummings*

**SISTER LEISHA**  
knows all,  
tells all...





*Photography: David Cummings*

As we stopped the car, a young woman (who we soon learned was Sister Leisha's daughter) came out to greet us, or to call to the child in the dirt, I am not sure which. She escorted us into the trailer and informed us that Sister Leisha was at church and would be home soon. We sat in a room that could only be described as a parlor and exchanged niceties until Sister Leisha made her entrance with her husband ten minutes later.

In person, she defied all my expectations. She was a tall, thin, attractive fifty-two-year-old woman. She wore a pastel blue and pink dotted-swiss

pinafore. Although her complexion was dark, it looked more the result of the relentless Alabama sun than her foreign background. In fact her dress, mannerisms, and general good-natured appearance all exuded Southernness more than anything else. The only clue to her background was her thick, old-world accent.

However, her businesslike air and dignified stature demanded respect. It made me want to stand up when I met her. Indeed I did stand, dropping my borrowed tape recorder on the floor in the process.

"As me zom questions," commanded Sister Leisha as she sat down in a chair directly across from me, putting her hands on her knees and leaning forward.

Thanks to the invaluable training of Beginning Newswriting, I had a truckload of provocative questions to ask. I began with the most obvious: "Where are you from, Sister Leisha?"

To my complete and utter dismay she answered, "I heef leaved around Alabama all my life."

Perhaps reading the perplexity on my face, or maybe because I clutched my notebook desperately, she added, "My perents ver gypsies. Dey came to dees contree a long time ago."

Where could I lead the interview then? All my questions prompting her to reminisce about "ze old contree" were useless. Luckily Sister Leisha took control. "You tell your peeples my power comes from God. Not myself." Wow, what an angle, as we say in the trade. A religious fortune teller.

Sister Leisha told us that she spends most of her time, when she is not reading palms or sewing and cooking, at her church. "We're Catholeec. All other churches come from us. You have to abide by eet's rules. Eef you don't, you gonna be puneeshed." Sister Leisha said that there is no conflict between her church and her occupation. She even holds church meetings in her home.

She has very strong ideas about God. "God ees time. God makes de vegetables, de gardens, makes theengs grow...I like dat. But even God makes meestakes—I hate to say eet. But you know zom women carry their cheeldren for seven months, zom for eight." Sister Leisha first realized that this mighty but fallible God had given her a gift for divination when she was only ten. She began using her powers to give free readings for her friends, but later switched to telling fortunes for money. Her current rate is five dollars a reading. "God makes everytheeng but money. But eet's nice to have money," she explained. Her income from palm reading fluctuates. "Zometimes eet ees good, zometimes eet ees bad." But it's always in-



teresting. "Peeples from all walks of life—all kinds of peeples—come to talk to me."

Sister Leisha usually gives the many individuals who seek her aid private readings in her prayer room. She then prays for the needs of her clients after every reading. The walls of the tiny cubicle she calls her prayer room were covered with pictures of Jesus and the Virgin Mary. Several small chairs lined one side of the room. On a table in the corner were candles, crucifixes, and relics. Sister Leisha was very proud of her pictures and paraphernalia; she scornfully shook her head no when I asked if she had a crystal ball.

Looking at the prayer room I felt ready to ask the question I had purposely withheld, even from my friends. I asked Sister Leisha to tell me my fortune. She ordered my companions to wait out in the parlor while she remained with me alone in the special room. She instructed me to make two wishes: "Tell me one and keep one to yourself." She then proceeded to tell me of my past, present, and future. She told me how old I would live to be, how many children I would have (but she mentioned nothing of marriage), and my current romantic prospects. She also gave me advice on how to live my life, improve my personality, and strengthen my character. I would tell you the details—vague as they were—but after I closed the reading by placing my five dollar bill on the open Bible laid on the table between us, she whispered to me mysteriously: "Now Leenda, keep dees reading to yourself. Do not tell your friends."

Meanwhile my friends discussed tornadoes with her husband in the parlor. He was a dark, nice-looking man of about fifty who throughout our visit sat in his chair looking dubious and old-worldish. He took great pride in telling my companions about one of Sister Leisha's more dramatic "cases," a couple of fourteen-year-olds who had run away from their homes in Huntsville to elope. The "keeds," who had only three dollars between them, stopped to have their fortunes told by Sister Leisha. She discovered their circumstances while giving them readings and persuaded them to

cancel their wedding plans and return to their families. She saw that they were fed and their car was filled with gas, then she sent them home with specific instructions to call her as soon as they arrived. She even made them give her their parents' names and telephone numbers, in case she didn't hear from them within a reasonable amount of time.

Such precautions were unnecessary. The teenagers' parents called soon afterwards to thank Sister Leisha for her help. One of the mothers even came to see Sister Leisha and tried to pay her for her help, but Sister Leisha nobly refused to accept the money. The satisfaction of saving the young

couple from a disastrous future was payment enough.

I really didn't need to hear that moving account of Sister Leisha's benign wisdom: her gentle manner in the prayer room convinced me that even if she isn't exactly Lee County's Jeanne Dixon, she is a pleasant and interesting lady to visit. I look forward to finding out just how accurately she read my future. It amuses me to recall that I expected to interview a woman peddling love potions, curses, and hexes. Funny thing is, though, several automobiles I've come in contact with lately have suffered freakish accidents....



## PARODY OF A POET

Fine slender thoughts he craves to ponder,  
Half conscious of the cold drizzly night.  
O heavy darkness how cruelly you squander  
Every image of his lonely heart's desire,  
For imagery he loves with all his might.  
It is his spark, his passion, and his fire.

He knows love comes whole or not at all.  
Fragments of images never gave him bliss.  
To him they are like leaves in the fall.  
They hassle and haggle his pale breast.  
(Could a soft shadow spare a spectral kiss?)  
Those false hearted lovers give no rest.

He held words in such a fine gripping way,  
But imagery is a most unwholesome lover.  
He was known to be the best in his heyday  
For dazzling images of flashing fleshy hips.  
Certainly he should have found some other.  
Now his pen is as dry as his un-kissed lips.

—Percy Jones



## ALL SEASONS

In you I see the moonlight shining through  
The darkness,  
The warmth of the summer sun,  
The quiet beauty of a winter snow,  
All the color of the autumn leaves,  
The innocence of the first flower of spring,  
And the ability to soothe and refresh everything  
Like that of a gentle warm rain.

—Duke Beal

## sunflowers: to the strong lines of the *I Ching*

longleafed yellows  
earth browns  
exuberance  
over-extended  
heavy  
on thin green stems

—Carl Dockery



*Photography: David Bradford*

## SURPRISE

A surprise crept up behind me  
And placed two warm hands  
Upon my shoulders.  
Slowly I raised my head  
And gazed into the eyes of Life.  
This wild exhilarating merry-go-round  
Around and around  
I revolved —  
Stopped.  
Thanked him and  
Began to live again.

—Ramona Rice

## DIFFIDENCE

Once in man years we are touched,  
A trembling finger reaching in,  
Touching the pulsing life—  
Heart, brain, soul. What does it matter?  
We are touched.  
Do not grasp.  
The wintry coldness of your hand  
Rustles around it like snow flurries  
Before the blizzard's fist crashes.  
This year do not try to touch me.  
My mind is shedding old skin  
And the new flesh is tender,  
Too to be touched.

New shoes worn too often...

—Martha Headley Feld



# CAN OF WORMS

FICTION BY MIKE SIGLER

From the day Leonard Carnes heard his first lecture in philosophy, he knew it was for him. Since then, he had breezed through his courses in ethics, metaphysics, and existentialism with amazing finesse and insatiable enthusiasm; and, until recently, had managed to stay sane by keeping before him, as an ever-present reminder, his guiding motto that the whole process, as Leonard put it, is "probably a bottomless can of

earthworms." Leonard enjoyed using that metaphor to describe his light-hearted, gamesome approach to philosophy, not only because he thought it very clever, but because it reminded him of one of his favorite pastimes—fishing.

When Leonard was young, he had loved to slip away from his small suburban house, down the street to the big open drainage ditch to fish for frogs and minnows. Later, when he was old

enough to drive, he spent much of his free time a few miles out of the city, casting into the waters of Lake Lacoma. He never fished with his father. For as long as Leonard could remember, his father had spent his weekends and afternoons off from the factory in front of the family TV set drinking Falstaff beer.

"Get those smelly bastards out o' my house!" he would yell when Leonard brought a nice catch home, and



Leonard normally would comply with his father's request.

Leonard had two other consuming interests besides fishing. One was a platinum-haired pop singer, with big breasts and a whiny voice, whose name was Katerina Benzini. Katerina had reached the top of the charts in 1964 with a record about the death of a stock car driver. After three other less successful releases, Katerina's popularity diminished considerably, until finally she had found herself relegated to singing in cocktail lounges in hotels around the country. Despite her tragic decline, Leonard never stopped loving Katerina Benzini. His collection of Benzini 45's had played until the grooves wore thin, and a life-size poster of his idol, clad in black motorcycle leather, had adorned Leonard's wall.

There was yet one other interest that had claimed Leonard's attention during his adolescent years, and that was his dream of owning an early model Chevrolet. When he was 13, he began to work part-time jobs after school and on Saturdays, saving toward the day when he could buy his own car. His junior year in high school, Leonard found a fantastic deal on a 1957 Chevrolet—candy apple red with a pearl white interior and four-on-the-floor. Leonard's heart did somersaults every time he passed the used car lot, named "Big Hearted Charlie's," and saw the gleaming beauty, its sleek rear fins slanting proudly toward the sky and the brilliant chrome grill work smiling haughtily at the acne-faced kid who stared in open admiration.

One night after dinner, Leonard confronted his father with a plan. He wanted to use his savings to pay the \$500 down on the Chevrolet. He could keep up the payments, he said, with the money he was earning as a bag boy at the A&P.

"Like hell you will," said his father. "You wanna go to college? How're you gonna go if you spend all your money on a God-damned hot rod?"

"But, Dad," Leonard argued, "I can get a job at school, and work in the summers. Please..."

Mr. Carnes was a man who demanded obedience from his family, and even this minor disputation made his

face color red with anger. His cigar-fouled mouth bellowed into Leonard's frightened face, "Don't you argue with me, Leonard. I'm not gonna say it again. The answer is no!"

Unable to constrain his tears, Leonard fled out the back door, slamming it behind him. His mother called after him, but that did not stop Leonard from running to the drainage ditch where he spent the night on the concrete slab underneath the bridge. He returned the next day, but in the interim, Leonard had changed. His feelings toward his father had changed from an attitude of indifference to a bitter hatred.

Since he had started to college, his trips home had been minimal, usually only for a few days at Christmas, and that for his mother's sake. Leonard had continued his trips to "Big Hearted Charlie's" to visit the '57 Chevrolet, until finally it was sold.

Now, as Leonard sat gazing absently out the eighth floor window across from Professor Zimmer's glass-covered desk, he did not think of fishing or Katerina or Chevrolets, and his "can of earthworms" theory had taken on sinister connotations.

"Mr. Carnes," began the diminutive figure who peered at Leonard through thick, rimless bifocals, "one of the first lessons that we in the academic community must learn is the necessity of maintaining perspective. No one theory or point of view is indispensable. I dare say there is no single system that contains all the truth. We must learn rather, Mr. Carnes, to take the best of each system and add it to our previous knowledge and, when we have finally worked out a view that we can call our own, to realize we are far, far from really understanding anything."

"But, Dr. Zimmer," said Leonard, "would you deny that the only way to approach the truth is to assume a posture of objectivity by refusing to accept anything until we see its truth clearly and distinctly? That we should divide any difficult problem into smaller and smaller parts until we come to some proposition so simple that we see it as a self-evident truth?"

"Well, objectivity is important, Leonard, but..."

"...and that, epistemologically, no one has ever successfully proved the existence of anything outside of one's self?"

"Well, maybe not, but we must assume," countered the professor, "that something is out there in order to understand anything."

Leonard, still looking out the single office window at the autumn-painted trees below, now turned toward the professor, his eyes narrowing to two vindictive slits. "Dr. Zimmer," he said bitterly, "I assume nothing. You and your colleagues have seen very well to that."

Zimmer rolled his vinyl-covered chair back from his desk and crossed his legs, revealing a half foot of thin, pale flesh between his sock and pants cuff. "Leonard, I won't try to deny that, logically, your position is not without merit; but honestly, can you really believe that this university, and all the people here, that I myself do not exist? Isn't there something, call it intuition if you will, that tells you that just could not be tenable?"

Leonard stared into Dr. Zimmer's bifocals and saw himself divided, like an Antonioni movie, into four split-screen images. "I thought I stated fairly cogently in my paper that I do indeed doubt their existence, though I cannot doubt my own, and if the outside world does exist, it is probably only in the form of ideas placed by God into my brain for his own amusement."

The split-screen had changed now into two grotesquely magnified fish eyes that, thought Leonard, must make God quite amused. The professor rose.

"Carnes, I hope you will remember that the position you defend, solipsism, has never been held in high regard, and in all my years as a teacher, I have never known anyone who thought it credible. You're taking all of this much too seriously. My advice to you is to get away this weekend and try to forget all about philosophy. By next week you will probably see all of this quite differently."

Leonard left without further reply. He was visibly upset by the conversation with Dr. Zimmer, but by the time he walked the four blocks back to his one-room efficiency apartment, his



temper had subsided, and he began to regret his rude behavior. Maybe Zimmer was right, he thought. Maybe I am taking all of this too seriously. Leonard lit a cigarette and reclined on the saggy bunk that dominated his sparsely furnished room. He blew nervous puffs of smoke into the stale air, while flustered thoughts bounced wildly around in his brain.

"If it's true, God, let me know." He exhaled the words audibly, desperately, toward the yellow stucco ceiling. The absurdity of his statement struck Leonard's consciousness almost simultaneously. He crushed the cigarette into the small ash tray on the chair beside his bed and, impulsively, picked up the telephone from its resting place on the floor and dialed. The following week was Leonard's birthday, and his mother had called earlier to ask him to come home. They had planned something special, she said, but Leonard had declined her invitation.

"Hello Mom. It's me, Leonard. I think I will come home this weekend, after all."

"Yeah, I know, but I've changed my mind."

"Dad is anxious to see me, huh? Sure, Mom."

"Look, I don't want to have a party. I just want to come home and rest, maybe do some fishing."

"O.K.? See you Friday about dark." He clicked the receiver down, and reached for another cigarette.

Leonard reached the outskirts of the city in the late afternoon. The dispersed light of dusk blended with the smoky exhaust fumes of rush hour traffic, clothing the highway in purple and lavender. The sunset cast, along with the flash of neon flanking the line of white and red car lights, made the concrete setting almost lovely. Leonard's Volkswagen exited off the freeway, and was immediately consumed by a sea of tiny, nondescript brick houses, surrounded by aluminum fences. He drove across the drainage ditch, and turned onto a narrow side street. Leonard knew he would soon see his house, small and red, with peeling

white shutters, distinguished from the other homes only by the little black boy statue, watermelon slice in hand, that guarded the front door. His headlights moved in a wide arc as he rounded the curve, spotlighting a parade of suburban domesticity.

Suddenly, he was nearly blinded by a brilliant burst of reflected chrome. Leonard skidded to a halt and was out of his car in an instant, his mouth dropping open in amazement. There, by the curb in front of his house, sat a candy apple red '57 Chevrolet, its tail fins shooting up defiantly toward the stars. Leonard ran his hand along the cool metal sides as he walked around to the front. A patchwork of gleaming silver metal smiled hello. He looked, dumbfounded, toward the house, lit by a single lamp in the living room window.

"I...I don't understand," he mumbled as he strode briskly toward the door. His mind raced in blurred circles, like a tethered pony gone berserk, with no conceivable destination.

Leonard opened the door and looked around the dimly lit living room. There was no one there. His eyes darted to the narrow hallway, completely engulfed in darkness and silence. The quiet was suddenly interrupted by a voice from the dining room.

"Hello there, Leonard." The voice drifted seductively from the darkened room. His ears burned in startled recognition. A platinum blonde woman dressed in black leather stepped into the gray, linear shadows between the living and dining rooms. Her hair was teased, country and western style, like cotton candy, and her face was a bit rounder than he had remembered, but Leonard would have recognized her anywhere. Katerina Benzini's breasts jutted proudly out at him like the twin bumper bullets on the '57 Chevrolet.

"I hear you're a fan of mine," she said smiling. Her voice reached Leonard's ears like some far away echo, for his streaming mind was racing swiftly toward a conclusion.

Suddenly, Leonard pounded his left hand with his fist.

"That's it!" he shouted. "I knew it! I knew it all along!" He burst into wild, gleeful laughter. "I knew it, I knew it!" he yelled repeatedly. Abruptly, Leonard rushed across the room and, pressing Katerina to his body, kissed her very hard on the lips.

"Hey! Wait a minute!" Katerina objected. But it didn't matter. Leonard released her, looked up at the ceiling and laughed knowingly. Before she could say another word, Leonard had plunged through the front door and was revving up the Chevrolet jerking the gear shift into first. The car leaped convulsively away from the curb, leaving behind twin streaks of burnt, hot rubber. Leonard accelerated to the end of the street and turned the car around. As he streaked back past his house, his peripheral vision picked up the sight of his mother standing on the sidewalk, waving her arms wildly over her head.

"Wait, Leonard!" she yelled. "Wait! We've got cake to cut!"

At the same instant, his father, having emerged with Mrs. Carnes from their hiding place in the kitchen, stood in the doorway cursing the figure in the '57 Chevy. Leonard saw them, but did not slow the speeding red machine whose screaming engine and squealing tires pierced the evening stillness.

Slamming the car into second, he streaked across the drainage ditch, down the narrow street, and turned onto the freeway. Overwhelmed by the magnitude of his discovery, he did not notice the Holiday Inn motel on his right with the sign in front reading: "THIS WEEK IN THE ADMIRAL'S LOUNGE: KATERINA BENZINI." Still accelerating, Leonard topped a slight rise and saw the green traffic light change to yellow at the bottom of the hill. He gripped the wheel tightly with both hands and stomped the pedal to the floor. The light was red, and a steady flow of cars, crossing the highway, now jammed the intersection.

Leonard smiled confidently: "I know the truth. Nothing can stop me now."





### A BEAST

Love is man's beast —  
He bottles it —  
He sells it —  
He chains it —  
He calls for it —  
He begs for it —  
He lies for it —  
And when someone threatens  
To steal man's beast  
Sometimes he kills it.

—Charles A. McDonald

### ALL WEEKEND

We rose	while in a vase
and fell	on the table
against	in the kitchen
each	roses browned in
other	upon themselves.

—A. J. Wright

### ON RAT DISSECTION

A careful blade the ideal;  
Destruction of dead teaching aids  
Makes learning non-viable  
And mutates what is real.

Small red hoses and brown intestines wind,  
Life works for example like this.  
Greasy, clinging fatty tissue, clammy:  
Rat-gut knowledge is unknowingly blind.

—Ed Eitzen

### CALCULATORS

Calculators can only create confusion  
They mangle my mind—it's no illusion  
How their psychic circuits sense all problems  
Before even Einstein could estimate or solve them.

As students stoically press the buttons  
They warily wait to see which were the right ones.  
Oh, their brains are bombarded by digits so small  
That no one knows now the end to it all.

But finally in the flutter of flourescing red lights  
Is the harrowing hope of some help for our plight.  
As you may surmise, this scientific scrap shows  
Demeaning defeat as it defensively glows—  
OVERLOAD!

—Patrice Knight



*Photography: David Cummings*





# Ever Eat A Curly Dock ?

BY JOHN AND JIM PETRANKA

ed wild foods forager. Once you are sure that you have found an edible plant, why not get acquainted with it? Be observant. Look at the leaves. Are they situated directly opposite each other, or do they alternate on the stem? What is their color, shape, and texture? How are the flowers arranged? Does the plant have a fragrance? Go ahead. Break it open; crush the leaves; smell the greenness of the sap. Make the plant yours so that you can always recognize it safely and surely. \*

It is important to realize that some plants possess *both* edible and poisonous parts. The May apple, for instance, yields a tasty lemony-yellow fruit, but its rootstock is violently poisonous. This "dual personality" in plants is by no means restricted to the wild varieties. The seeds of the cultivated apple contain a cyanide-like compound that has caused at least one recorded death. (It seems that a certain chap, relishing the seeds as a delicacy, patiently saved and ate an entire cup-full!) Also, certain plants are edible only after they have been properly prepared by cooking, leaching or drying. One of us had the dubious pleasure of biting into the raw root of a jack-in-the-pulpit, an experience similar to eating hot tacks. But the American Indians found that the poisonous principle could be dispelled

## Before ...

If you want to find wild foods, you have to go to the wilds, right?

Wrong. At this moment if there is a lawn, field, or ditch in view, you are probably looking at plants that you could be eating. In fact, many edibles grow better in the wide open spaces of towns and cities. While walking through the Auburn campus recently, we saw no less than forty species of plants that at some time of the year produce edible parts. We could have fixed up a salad of chickweed, pennyworts, cattail sprouts, greenbrier tendrils, woodsorrel, and at least four other fine greens. For the main course we could have had such delicacies as battered and fried daylily blooms, boiled daylily "potatoes," steamed polk sprouts with cheese sauce, and tender young dandelion greens. We

might have wanted to cool off with an icy pitcher of sassafras tea garnished with mint. And to complete the meal, how about blackberries and cream, topped with chopped hickory nuts?

"Yeah, yeah. Sounds wonderful," you say, "but can't I poison myself by mistake?"

Of course you can. Certain species of poisonous plants exist that one can mistake for edible ones, and inevitably some foolish soul will bite into one and be rudely bitten back. The key to safe, successful foraging lies in being certain of the identity and use of the wild plant. If you are uncertain of a plant's identity, learn to use a botanical key, or take your specimen to one of the botanists at Funchess Hall (for this article we sought the advice of Dr. William E. Goslin), or to an experienc-



by drying and made extensive use of the roots as a starchy flour (hence the colloquial name "Indian turnip"). Any good wildfoods book will tell you not only how to identify, but also how to prepare plants, and you would be wise to follow its instructions.

These precautions not only make the wildfoods meal a safe and wholesome affair, but also reassure nervous dinner guests—such as your "civilized" friends who promise to try polk weed *once*, just for the thrill. Of course, the wildfoods forager and cook is something of an evangelist. He seeks to bring new souls into the wildfoods fold by way of that first communion, which should be anything but their last supper. At any rate, one recent dinner

of ours was so successful, such a safe and tasty experience for veterans and novices alike, that we have decided to pass it along to you. Step by step.

It began in late April with memories of three ring-necked ducks in our freezer and the realization that all the spring green things were up and about. An excursion into a favorite abandoned field a few miles out on Moore's Mill Road, deep in the wilds of East Alabama, was definitely in order. It was such a picturesque idea that *Circle* photographer David Cummings stalked us along the way.

Our first concern was to reap a few salad greens, but we couldn't resist pausing to pick and eat a handful of the



ripe blackberries growing on the roadside. "Besides, they'll go great as a dessert," we rationalized with one hand on berry and the other in mouth. We did manage to take a few home, but only after putting them out of reach in the back seat.



You might suspect that salad greens (in other words, plants which possess relatively mild flavor and which are tender enough to be eaten uncooked) are difficult to find, but no sooner had we arrived at our destination than we found our first species, the succulent corn salad. Corn salad resembles corn in neither taste nor appearance, but rather is an erect, dichotomously branching little herb that loves lawns, fields, roadsides—practically any open, grassy habitat. We found ours growing profusely near the borders of

## After



*Photography: David Cummings*



a farmhouse lawn. All parts of the plant are edible, but the spatula-shaped leaves, which are often no more than an inch or two long, are the real prize. In a few minutes, we had picked all the corn salad that we cared to clean, and moved on searching for the rest of supper.

Dotting the red clay roadsides were the glaucous green shoots of wild onions. Though the bulbs of these slender-leaved edibles may seem Lilliputian in comparison to those of its cultivated cousin, they make up in strength for anything they lack in size. We worked our knives through the moist sandy soil and carefully lifted out the few bulbules that we would need for our salad.

The easily recognized saber-like leaves of the common cattail signalled our next stop. The plants were isolated in a pocket of sand where last year



there had been a marshy depression, so getting to the roots and lower stems was a simple matter of digging away a little sand and alluvium. We wanted the tender, blanched leaves hidden in the base of the fleshy white stem. Cattails are really versatile in that almost every part of them has a use at some time of the year. Had we come a few weeks earlier, another delicacy would have awaited our taste buds. The green flowering spikes, which form the familiar brown "tails" when

mature, may be eaten much like corn on the cob: boiled briefly, drained, buttered, and devoured. Even if the spikes had already "gone to pollen," rendering them useless as "cattail-on-the-cob," the golden-yellow pollen could have been collected, sifted, and mixed with an equal part of wheat flour to be used in bread or cereal recipes.

To round out our wild salad, we bent to pick a handful of woodsorrel,



whose acrid leaves add a special tang to any salad or cole slaw. Many hikers and backpackers appreciate the burst of tart, lemony flavor provided by these nibbles on the trail. Woodsorrel (also known as "shamrock") is identified by its three rounded, clover-like leaves and its pink, white, or yellow flowers.

The first thing that came to mind when we thought about a main course vegetable was polk weed, a species characteristic of disturbed areas, and thus one that is seldom far removed from man's activities. The stubby red shoots, when gathered before they reach eight or ten inches in height, make a vegetable almost identical in appearance, texture, and taste to asparagus. The young leaves may also serve as a boiled green, making your effort at gathering it doubly worthwhile. The majority of plants in our field were at least two feet high and were therefore not only too tough, but were also mildly poisonous due to



the presence of a toxin not found in younger sprouts. But near the roadsides, where the moving machines had been at work, fresh young sprouts were at the perfect stage to be gathered. Cutting succulent polk sprouts was hardly work, and in minutes we had gathered the necessary quantity.

Wanting still another pot herb for our menu and being pressed for time by the oncoming darkness, we decided to collect the first abundant plant



that we came across. As it turned out, that plant was curly dock, a rather coarse weedy biennial that grows most anywhere, but seems to prefer moist habitats such as the roadside ditch



where we found it. The leaves possess an acrid bitterness which, if the plants are gathered in early spring, may be purged by boiling. However, the plants that we intended to gather had already sent up their flowering stalks, leaving us skeptical as to whether the leaves would be passable as greens.

On the way back in to town, we made a brief stop at the woods near the new forestry building in order to pull up two or three sassafras shrubs. If your nose never has had the pleasure of smelling freshly dug sassafras roots, then you probably never have experienced an olfactory orgasm. Making what we consider to be the best of all wild teas, the roots of the younger plants are shallow-running and are easily liberated with a hefty yank. The above-ground portions of the plant may then be discarded, and the roots left to dry. The roots will then keep in the open for several months without losing their potency.

We returned home to the sumptuous aroma of roast duck and dressing, which had been cooking while we were afield, and immediately set about to transmute our "weeds" into some reasonably palatable forms.

Making sassafras tea presented no problem. We simply cut the roots into manageable lengths (about six inches or so) and dropped them into a pot of boiling water. When, after about thirty minutes, the water had turned a rusty red and the room was permeated with that spicy sassafras aroma, we turned off the heat and left the tea to cool while we worked on the salad.

Fixing the salad was an equally simple chore. We just dropped into our bowl the rinsed leaves of woodsorrel and corn salad, and then added our very finely chopped wild onions. Then after removing the tough outer layers of leaves from the cattail stems, we extracted the tender "hearts" in the core, sliced them up, and tossed them in to complete the salad.

We were now left with three items to prepare on the stove. In fact, our method for preparing them was the simplest: boiling until tender. We first plucked off the coarse polk leaves from the stems and then placed stalks and leaves in separate cooking vessels



*Photography: David Cummings*

in order to maintain the distinctive taste of each. To be sure that no toxins remained in them, we poured off the water as soon as it had come to a boil, added just enough fresh water to cover them, and returned them to the fire for about ten minutes, after which we buttered, salted, and served them up. We treated the dock in the same manner, that is, by changing the water once, not in order to dispel any poison, but in an attempt to remove the overwhelming bitterness in them (our attempt was in vain).

Finally our afternoon's labors were over, and we sat to enjoy, or at least to experience, our wild feast.

The results? Well, there was one dismal failure in the minds and taste buds of all present: the dock. The leaves were lifeless and soggy and tasted, in the words of Bo, a neophyte friend who had joined us for the meal, "like boiled lemon peels daubed in cigar ashes." Well put, Bo.

Reactions to the polk greens varied. One diner refused to eat a second bite, while another could not get her fill of them. The real hit of the evening, though, was the polk sprouts and cheese sauce, for as soon as we served them the room was filled with various moans of delight. Only rarely do five unknowing mouths devour an unfamiliar vegetable without at least one "Good Lord, can you possibly call this stuff food?" popping out. We were

obliged then to rate polk sprouts with cheese sauce as "fine and dandy."

Even though we claim no fame as great connoisseurs of fine wild foods, there was one item that both of us surely felt would please—the salad. We were correct. It is hard for anyone to turn down such a finely prepared salad as we served that night, and indeed no one did. All of this, served with our sassafras tea and finished off with those big, juicy, sugared blackberries for dessert, more than satisfied our guests. The meal was a success.

Finding, gathering, and preparing wild foods is work, sometimes frustratingly hard work. You simply don't skip o'er hill and dale, skimming the cream from atop Mother Nature's plenty. You'll find yourself on your knees, clawing at some interminably long tap root, or wading through poison ivy up to your waist just to get that one patch of polk salad. But after you've gone home, scraped the clay out from under your fingernails, coated your body with calamine, washed, cut, dried, fried, boiled, broiled, and finally eaten your greenery, you'll lie back and realize that you've accomplished far more than filling the void of hunger. You have regained a sense of self-sufficiency and individuality and reestablished an ancient relationship with the reality of the natural realm. That's what it's all about.





# *your choice:*

## *a sketch:*

BY RHETA GRIMSLEY

The Dave Mayfields had not cried when they left his father, but rather they'd seemed happy with Brookhaven Rest home and the facilities, Mrs. Agnes Hugh thought as she swept the paper work from the shiny desktop into a cream-colored folder labeled "new patients." She bent her head toward the floor and her forty dollar shoes, pulling ever so gently at the hose that had started to sag around her heel. Then she left the room with an efficient clicking sound; it was time to settle Clarence Mayfield in.

The eightyish man looked vaguely out-of-place in the room. He was so big and strong, Mrs. Hugh thought: "God, he looks healthy enough."

Mr. Mayfield moved a hand that evidently had been used often; he looked at it—scarred and full of red lines so that it resembled a road map of the state, just like the one he had always kept on the dash of his 1963 Chevrolet. "Sold," he thought. "And I drive better than that whimpering Bessie." He'd told his daughter-in-law just that this morning, too, along with every other thing he could think of to insult her.

Agnes Hugh lost no time. She moved as swiftly as the neat, tight skirt would permit, straightening curtains, tugging at the bedspread near where he was sitting and finally alighting near the door. A smile came with the Brookhaven slogan, and Agnes Hugh did not disappoint.

"We have ceramics on Tuesday night at 6 o'clock," she offered. "Your son said you were very creative. Wouldn't you like to make an ashtray for your room? Or a coffee mug?"

Clarence made no reply. He studied the thin gold wedding band on his finger, remembering what a man he had been. Someone to reckon with.

"And everyone loves our Bingo games on Monday night. We sing afterwards, just like a family. We need some bass singers. The Golden Age Club travels to schools sometimes and gives the songs they've worked up."

He ventured to look up. Agnes Hugh was not smiling in his direction anymore. Her eyes were resting somewhere in mid-space, surveying the room while she gave her spiel. He was anxious for her to leave.

"Now all your belongings must be kept in your room, and all the belongings of the other friends here must be kept in their rooms. Last month Miss Myrtie complained that someone had been taking her Saltines from a shelf in her room. So you see, we do have a little mischief around here now and then. But I know you won't give me any trouble."

"I wonder if he's gone to sleep on me," Mrs. Hugh thought. He was a quiet one, it seemed, but sometimes they became the most rowdy. She thought of her son's music lesson that would begin in less than an hour, and she made one last effort to involve Mr. Mayfield of Arrington in her conversation.

"You're lucky, because you're right next door to the bathroom. We always

leave on the light at night so you won't have any problem finding it ...."

"If she says the word *bedpan* I'll leave," Clarence thought then. He had been in the hospital only twice in his entire life, both times for the heart trouble that had convinced his children to deposit him here: "Being financially dependent is worse than being physically dependent. If I had anywhere to go, nothing could keep me here. Especially not that tight-skirted bitch in the doorway."

Agnes Hugh's snip-snap voice derailed his train of thought, and Clarence looked at the long nose powdered with Merle Norman cosmetics and wondered how much she made to coordinate his activities. She did not give up easily, he saw, and her busty upper half was now leaning forward to fluff his pillow.

"I know a little something of your history, Mr. Mayfield. I know you have children that love you and will visit you." She straightened her back again (she was almost sway-backed) and smiled that Rose Topaz smile again. "Just remember how much luckier you are than a lot of our friends here. There are some that have no family other than Mother Agnes and the brothers and sisters along this hall.

"By the way, do you play any musical instrument?" She pulled the door from *Out to In* and made visible a chart to Clarence. A pencil hung from a gay yarn ribbon, and the big letters hit him with their simplicity.

I will play Bingo one night a week.  
I will join the Brookhaven choir.

*Continued on page 44*



# DIE YOUNG or in a nursing home with commentary:

BY MARGARET FULLER  
AND DAVID CUMMINGS

At this moment, state health officials, the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, and the United States Senate Special Committee on Aging are all making in-depth studies on the state of American nursing homes. What prompted this sudden concern was the uncovering of filthy, infested conditions in many New York homes owned and run by one Bernard Bergman, a man who controls 55 facilities (and whose net worth has been variously estimated at 6 to 24 million dollars). Patients in his homes were given improper diets and medications. They were confined to dirty, unchanged beds, served old milk, and forced to live in rooms with excrement on the floors. Often they were neglected until their physical conditions became so critical that they were sent to hospitals where doctors found them dehydrated and covered with bed sores.

Bergman was just the beginning. Researchers also uncovered alarming abuses of government programs, violations of health codes, and kickbacks to nursing home owners.

Because many patients cannot afford the cost of nursing homes, Medicare and Medicaid cover more than half of the total amount spent in the homes. Last year, 3.75 billion dollars of a total 7.5 billion spent in nursing homes came from Medicare. It seems that some of this money improved only the lot of certain nursing home entrepreneurs who stole from

Medicare by continuing to charge for patients who have long been dead or forced patients to buy drugs from unscrupulous pharmacists. The pharmacists charge higher prices and then give the nursing home involved a kickback at the patient's expense.

As for health codes, state health officials across the nation have threatened to close 62 homes, and HEW has threatened to withhold all funds until requirements are met. Most commonly ignored are fire regulations. For some reason, despite recent government approval of fire safety loans, 72 percent of the nation's nursing homes are still fire traps. The most recent yearly statistics show that there were 4800 nursing home fires, which caused a total of 500 deaths in that one year.

Many observers think the overall situation is grave in more ways than one. Lest we cynical moderns forget, at stake are human beings with feelings, most of them sensitive to squalor. True, 95 percent of the nation's nursing home residents are over 65 years of age and crippled by cardiovascular disease, fractures, or arthritis. It's also true, according to government sources, that 50 percent of them are probably senile. But many of them can get about and think for themselves, and many of them have families. These people require minimal attention and could, under the right circumstances, live at home.

But the changing American home cannot accommodate them. More and more of our newly liberated mothers and wives are joining men on the out-

side, working as executives and professionals. Fewer and fewer women work as cooks, maids, and "private" nurses. In the suburban South, for instance, middle class families can no longer hire "good colored help" capable of coming to Granny's rescue, if need be, for pennies a day. In essence, from 8 to 5 every day, many homes are deserted. Granted, a healthy Grandpappy could get about and entertain himself during these hours—unless he happened to stumble down the stairs and break his neck. And what if he forgot to take his medicine? (Most healthy elderly people are "healthy" because they take their medicines.) And who could take Aunt Maude to the doctor? The doctors will certainly not come to her, but they do make rounds at the nursing home....

Only a few families use nursing homes as "dumps" for unwanted relatives, according to nursing home authorities in Lee County and elsewhere. "We've talked to many relatives on the verge of nervous breakdowns. They cannot, try as they may, care for their elderly relatives at home," one official has observed. They feel guilty about it, of course. But times have changed. Middle-aged people are running, running all the time, trying to keep up with the pace of life. Children demand more time and attention. This means extra jobs and participation in more and more activities. It's a young world now, you may have noticed. Caring for the elderly entails making a sacrifice most



families feel they cannot make. The children come first.

These trends explain the recent, drastic increase in the demand for nursing homes. Over the last 15 years, the number of homes increased 140 percent (from 9,582 to 23,000), the number of beds 270 percent (from 331,000 to 1,235,404), and the total amount of money spent on homes 1004 percent (from 500 million to 7.5 billion dollars). Yet despite the increase, there are still not enough homes to meet the demand, and waiting lists grow longer daily.

Medical technology, as well as cultural change, figures prominently in the problem. The United States has achieved such great medical improvements in the twentieth century that the average life expectancy (as of 1971) is 71.1 years. Because of their ability to prolong life through operations such as open heart surgery, doctors save more and more of the elderly from death, in effect exploding the population in the shadow of the grave. This is a problem which less industrialized countries, such as Iran with an average life expectancy of 46 years (1971), do not have.

Our ethics, as reflected in most of our cultural and political documents (such as the Bill of Rights), will not yet tolerate mercy killing and related "control" measures. Thus, at present it seems that we have but two true alternatives: (1) we can, in effect, ignore the problem altogether, making piecemeal improvements here and there—"three good hots and a fresh, clean cot" for every senior citizen, for example—or, (2) we can abolish nursing homes and replace them all with federally-financed homes, at vast public expense. Only the latter will restore the dignity of the elderly, we think, by providing them privacy, mental stimulation, access to the outside world, and the finest in medical care. Although some will argue that the second proposal is extreme and "socialistic," we believe that a close inspection of even a better-than-average home, such as the Opelika Nursing Home, will suggest that something "revolutionary" must be done.

But we are not authorities. Perhaps there are better ways to change the

system, to make it humane by American living standards. Essential to intelligent change, of course, is an informed public. All citizens—not just those who find themselves burdened with elderly kin—should inspect the homes in their locality as we have attempted to do in Lee County.

Years ago, during the Depression, there was no decent facility for the elderly in Lee County. The unfortunate old people were forced into delapidated, unsanitary buildings known as "the County Farm House." Dining and sleeping quarters were separate. In cold, rainy weather the inmates had to suffer the walk from barn to barn in order to eat or to return to their living quarters.

Progress produced the Auburn and Opelika nursing homes. According to reliable reports, the Opelika Nursing Home has not always been in as good condition as you'll find it in today. Thick layers of scum periodically accumulated on the floors and walls at least as late as 1969, but have been completely eradicated because of recent health board crack-downs. The owner of the Auburn Nursing Home chose to close his facility on December 31, 1974, rather than correct the fire hazards which were apparently too costly to eliminate. The Auburn home has since reopened to operate exclusively as a day care center for the elderly. As a result of the closing of the Auburn home, chronic cases—people who need professional care during the night—were forced to apply for admission at other area homes, most of these reporting very long waiting lists. Mrs. Mildred Jobe, the current director of the Opelika Nursing Home, did not know exactly how many are waiting to enter that facility, but she did indicate that the number is considerable.

The residents at the Opelika home are cared for by a staff of about 100 full and part-time employees, an "excellent staff-patient ratio," according to Mrs. Jobe. At least one of four doctors is on call at all times, in case of emergency. Two registered nurses and sixteen licensed practical nurses work in shifts. Residents may call for help at any hour simply by pulling the emergency light switches in their rooms.

Generally the staff on duty can respond immediately to all calls, says Mrs. Jobe, "but obviously on a busy day, it is impossible to attend to everyone at the same time." This is the root of the nursing home problem: residents require the vigilance and skills of a large professional staff which, at best, can serve and reassure only so many at one time. Even relatively minor problems that can wait must grate on the nerves of sensitive or senile patients. Imagine the misery of an incapacitated old man unable to get to the restroom during a busy time. He must suffer the indignity of soiled clothing and bed sheets until a nurse can respond to his call. Fortunately this particular problem has been remedied in part by the use of "special diapers," which protect the patient from the stench and discomfort of excrement. Unfortunately, no innovation can restore to the patient the elemental dignity which those of us who can care for ourselves take for granted.

The Opelika home is proud of its two whirlpool baths that "induce circulation," its two television rooms, and its beauty parlor. Patients live in private and semi-private rooms out in the wings of the building or in the main hall apartments, each of which can accommodate four "well adjusted" people. The home is kept as clean and safe as possible. A professional janitorial service cleans the floors, and the maids mop them each morning. Linens are changed a minimum of three times a week, and the connecting dining hall is inspected regularly. The home is also careful to scrutinize diet cards specifying what a patient may or may not have.

Monthly rates range from \$500 to \$575, including room rent, three meals a day, twenty-four-hour nurse service, maid service, and linen service. Patients on limited income can pay through Medicaid or with Veterans checks. Certain individual services—personal laundry service, for example—are charged extra.

We investigated rumors that the Opelika home requires its patients to buy medicines from a "preferred pharmacist." Mrs. Jobe told us that residents may patronize any pharmacy



they wish, although the home "does all the ordering." The pharmacies directly bill patients on Medicare. It is true, however, that the Opelika home uses two pharmacies—Professional Pharmacy and Clark's Parkway Pharmacy—as "consultants" and calls on two others—Thomas Pharmacy and the Medical Arts Center. State law requires that the nursing homes not allow patients any medication except that which is properly labeled with strength, dosage, directions, and the names of patient and doctor, and which is delivered directly to the nursing home by a pharmacy with 24-hour delivery service. In this way the nursing home protects its patients from the unlikely, but not impossible, chance of an unscrupulous relative tampering with medicines.

But even the best gadgets and physical care cannot meet the cultural and spiritual needs of the patients. If we take a look at the Opelika residents on a typical day, we will find nothing more meaningful than several old men and women walking about the halls and talking to each other, sitting strapped into chairs or wheelchairs and watching soap operas (no strapping is done without a doctor's order for the patient's safety), or lying in their beds and either sleeping or staring at the wall. There are a few planned activities, such as music and crafts, and various outside organizations do attempt to help patients "pass the time." The Red Cross sends volunteers to serve fruit juice every Thursday morning, and various church groups such as the Baptist Student Union visit periodically to give devotionals or sing hymns. And of course patients have

occasional visitors. But they have little more than this to occupy their time.

Some patients need nothing more than the typical nursing home fare. Some are so senile that they really cannot appreciate any sort of social program. Take for example two actual cases at the home: one old lady pushes a baby carriage up and down the halls; another wanders around carrying a doll, asking anyone she meets, "Where's my baby?" Imagine the reaction of a resident who has just entered the home, already feeling depressed about being there, and who suddenly encounters these two women and others like them. She must live with them, eat with them, perhaps socialize with them. There simply is no segregation between the "normal" and the senile. As a matter of fact, the home even accommodates a few former patients of Bryce, the state mental hospital, although these patients are not acutely mentally ill. (The home is not allowed or qualified to care for extreme cases.) Nevertheless, "it is quite an adjustment for a new resident to handle," according to informed relatives. To ease the situation, the home employs a full time social director who has been trained to work in a "Reality Orientation Program." Under such a program, the director and entire staff stress the worth of the patient and encourage him to do things for himself. In this way, they hope to help the patient regain his self-respect, become less withdrawn, and "not to feel as though he has come to the home to die." While the home has had some success with this program, many of the patients are, of course, still idle, still without purpose, still just existing. For

those who are senile, a comfortable existence is all that is necessary, and the home is providing the best possible measures for them. But for those who are alert, there must be something better.

Old age outside the nursing home engenders dejection and depression enough. But inside a combination dormitory-hospital (and that is all even the finest nursing homes become), the depression of age can turn into genuine and permanent despair, reflected as it is in some of the pitiful "cases" populating the premises. Misery doesn't always love miserable company, especially company that is incredibly silly or senile or morose. Most nursing homes do not permit a resident to relieve this situation with even those mementos of former, happier days—personal furniture. Cooking a creative meal that suits the doctor's diet is often impossible too, for most homes cannot provide the kitchenettes and the necessary maintenance and supervision that should go with them. Furthermore, a resident can hardly entertain visitors, particularly children, in the midst of numerous strange, wrinkled faces—staring, gaping, babbling, frightening faces. Eudora Welty portrayed the horror of a child's perspective of a nursing home in her classic story, "A Visit of Charity." It was the environment, almost as much as old age itself, that formed the young girl's horrified impression.

Suppose for a moment that, instead of a nursing home, a condominium complex of sorts served those residents alert and sensitive enough to enjoy (and need) occasional independence, privacy, receiving guests, cooking a meal, fishing, playing the piano, or any of many other activities now forbidden or restricted in most homes. Suppose that the condominium took the form of several two-story houses containing, say, twelve separate apartments in each. Suppose the residents could choose between cooking in their private kitchenettes or "going out to eat" in the institution's restaurant. Suppose they could have their apartments decorated to taste and furnished with their favorite chairs, desks, bureaus, even pianos, if they wished. Suppose the grounds

## COLD THOUGHTS

more and more the day ends early  
as dusk comes quickly  
on painted easels of red, blue, black  
and golden brushes of wind

but night is  
dark in shrouded silence  
cold chasms of cryptic souls  
beckoning ones unloved

—Janice Bickham



were full of gardens and shady groves and fishing ponds. And—as long as we are dreaming—suppose that this dream village and others like it, equipped with the best emergency and health care equipment and staffed with the most competent nurses and doctors, were available to all United States citizens needing twenty-four-hour attention.

The cost of establishing such institutions would run into the billions. That, of course, is the argument against the dream. But can we return to the age of “the home,” the culture that put women, children, and servants in their places? Can we find ethical ways *not* to prolong the lives of our growing population of elderly people? Can we leave the nursing homes as they are?

These questions deserve the consideration of those who would formulate more reasonable alternatives, or those who would insist that we “do something” as soon as possible. There are personal grounds, after all, for such activism. As the director of the Opelika Nursing home puts it, “You have only two choices: grow old and come here, or die young.”



## i remember the Savage

i remember the Savage  
Alone in an alley by the Way  
shivering hoarfrost off his ancient nose  
rubbing his unpressed palms together

neon signs relax in their meager glow of heat  
devising the shadow a Savage must follow  
wearing soiled remnants of a different age  
remembering a jack-in-the-box toy he once was given

i remember the Savage  
remembering visions of a youthful me

—Joseph Cotten

## SCANNING HIS FACE

Hopelessly scanning his face  
As he enters,  
She knows  
Something is wrong.

Carefully noting his pace  
As he talks,  
She thinks  
His love is gone.

Helplessly hearing his voice  
As he wounds her,  
She cries  
Dying inside.

Tearfully watching her choice  
Disappearing,  
She wonders  
If she has tried.

Sadly retiring  
She sits there and wonders  
If she'll  
Ever see him again.

Hopelessly knowing he's gone  
Now forever  
She thinks  
How things have been.

Carelessly laughing  
She skips  
To the corner  
To find a new lover and friend.

—James Bailey

## SKETCH:

From Page 40

And so on the list went. For some reason Clarence thought of his Hemingway collection and wondered where it was: “I might need some decent reading material here. God, I can't stay here.”

“Mr. Mayfield. Mr. Mayfield.”

It was like the voice in the football stadium that had called for him to come to the first aid stand when Joyce, his wife, had died. But no, it was Mrs. Hugh, still standing there. Still wanting to know what activity he would participate in while he was a part of the Brookhaven family.

“Don't you have any casket catalogues?” he asked without smiling, at least outwardly.

“Sir, I don't understand,” Agnes Hugh said with the hurt look of a brown-eyed hound he had kicked once after an unsuccessful hunt. “We have all kinds of good magazines—*Field and Stream*, too—and there's no reason you shouldn't really like it here.”

He could see she liked it here. The part she played suited her.

“You can do one of two things, Mr. Mayfield.” She was obviously irritated because the chart remained empty. Besides there was Junior's music lesson. “You can stay here and do fun things, ceramics, bingo, needlecraft, or shop work. Or you can stay here and sit and sit until you rot.”

It was a cruel thing to say, but sometimes you had to shake 'em up a bit at first, she rationalized. Besides he didn't act as if he was at all grateful for her attentions. “So now I'll leave, and you fill out the chart and feel out the place. I'll be back tomorrow, and we'll chat again.” She left laughing at her play on words that she assumed he'd missed.

Clarence Mayfield watched her leave. She was scurrying down the hall, looking at her own fast-moving feet, one hand raised slightly toward her face. He calmly ripped the chart off the wall, shut the unlockable door, and faced the wall.







*Illustrations: Chinese paper cutting art*

# women in new china

**BY ANNE PERRY**

A mere 26 years ago, women in China were virtual slaves. They had no rights whatsoever. They weren't really considered to be human beings. A woman's husband and his family had the power of life and death over her. Women were property—a man could sell his wife and girl children; landlords could seize a man's wife for non-payment of rent.

A man could divorce his wife merely by putting her few belongings outside the door, but a woman could not divorce her husband. Once divorced or widowed, a woman was not likely to remarry, and, since she could own no property, she would be forced into a life of begging or prostitution. Frequently such women committed suicide.

If one were unfortunate enough to

be born female in China before 1949, one literally might not survive. For families desperately poor themselves, female babies were an economic liability. A girl would never be part of her own family's workforce because she would go to live with her husband's family at an early age, often as young as 10 or 12. So for poor people who could not afford to feed the working members of their family, drowning



girls at birth was not uncommon. And poor families on the verge of starvation would often have to sell their daughters either to landlords as servants or into prostitution in order that the rest of the family might survive a little longer. Also, because girls and women were expected to eat little and eat last, famine and hard times would claim females as their first victims.

Only the well-to-do people in old China could afford an education, and even among the wealthy, very few women were educated. Knowledge was considered unfeminine and, besides, what good would it do to educate a woman who could never become an official?

Since the founding of the People's Republic of China in 1949, things have changed greatly for women, and last fall I had the unique opportunity to visit China as a member of a group sponsored by the US-China Peoples Exchange Association and see these changes for myself. My own interest in women in China grew out of my reading *Fanshen* by William Hinton, which was recommended to me during the early phases of the contemporary women's liberation movement in the late 1960s. I was very much impressed by Hinton's descriptions of the women's associations which sprang up all over China during the civil war of the 1920s, the war against Japanese aggression in the '30s and '40s, and the revolutionary civil war in the late '40s. The support the women gave each other in their struggle for equality—in the areas of politics, economics, culture, and the home—struck me as what women in this country would also need to gain equal rights. Hence my interest in China grew up side by side with my interest in equality for women, and the two reinforced each other.

The women's associations, which began in the areas liberated by forces of the People's Republic prior to 1949, fought against the philosophy of Confucius which codified the inferior position of women. The doctrines of Confucius that most specifically applied to women were the "three obediences" and the "four virtues." According to the three obediences:

"A woman must obey her father

and older brothers when young,  
Obey her husband when  
married and  
Obey her sons when a widow."

The four virtues were: (1) virtue—a woman should know her place and comply with the feudal ethical code; (2) speech—a woman should not talk much; (3) appearance—a woman must adorn herself to please men; and (4) work—a woman must do all the household work both well and willingly.

There was also a book written by disciples of Confucius called *Classic For Women* which prescribed rigid rules of conduct for women. It included instructions concerning everything they wore and all they did inside or outside the home. The brutal custom of foot binding which literally crippled the women of China was included in this book. As the March 1975 issue of *China Reconstructs* (a pictorial magazine from China) explains, the result of this philosophical system "restricted [women] to the narrow family circle and deprived them of their right to take part in social activities."

One of the first things the women's associations did was to bring women out of their houses and into social relationships with each other for the first time. This was a complete reversal of the attitude summed up in a comment made to us by an old woman in Shanghai: "In the village where I grew up, the highest compliment a person

could give a woman was to say, 'I don't know anything about her; I've never even seen her.'" Once outside their homes, women's energy was released to fight for land reform, to oust the Japanese invaders, and to fight for women's rights.

An important development in the movement for equality came a few months after the government of the People's Republic of China came to power in October, 1949, with the passage of the *Marriage Law of 1950*. It said that:

1. Husbands and wives were companions living together and should enjoy equal status in the home.
2. Divorce was legalized and women could initiate the proceedings.
3. Arranged and forced marriages were abolished.
4. Child marriage was outlawed.
5. Women could own property and inherit for the first time.
6. Footbinding was made illegal.
7. Killing women and children was made a crime.

With this law, women gained legal status as people, the right to equality in the home, and the very important right to own land. Women's associations sprang up wherever none had existed previously to support women in actually achieving these rights. Both men's and women's old ideas of





women's status had to be changed, and women needed encouragement to take part in the political, economic and cultural life in China.

Many divorces took place immediately following passage of the marriage law. Women could now survive divorce because they had land in the countryside, whereas before they had nothing to fall back on. Many were glad to get out of a relationship which had been forced on them and to make their own choice.

Representatives of the Shanghai Municipal Women's Federation told us that today there are few divorces. When we asked why that was true, they told us that marriage is now based on mutual love and respect. We pointed out that we thought people in the United States married for similar reasons, but that we have a high divorce rate and many married people have problems. We asked, "Don't married couples in China have problems? And how do they solve them short of divorce?"

They explained to us that if a couple has a problem, one or both of them can talk to a committee in their neighborhood which helps families solve problems, or they can seek help from the women's association where they work or from their trade union. Or if the couple is having arguments, their neighbors may ask the neighborhood committee to come and talk to the couple.

A woman who invited us into her home in a Peking neighborhood told us of a couple who had an argument. The wife received a letter from her father saying he was ill and asking her to come and stay with him. She told her husband she wanted to go, and he told her she couldn't go. They quarreled about it for several days until the wife finally went to the neighborhood committee to help solve the problem. They investigated the situation and found out that the father was not deathly ill and could get help from his neighbors for a while. So they felt that she didn't have to go right away but could wait for a few weeks and visit him in the summer when she had planned to go anyway. She eventually agreed that this would be best.

One of the women we spoke to in Shanghai told the story of a couple who argued about the husband helping with the housework. The quarrel got so bad that the woman sought a divorce. The people's court decided that before granting a divorce, more people should be brought in to try to bring the couple back together. Consequently a group of people from the women's association where the woman worked, from the trade union, and from the neighborhood worked together with the couple and, as it was explained to us, helped change the feudalistic ideas of the husband about keeping his wife tied down to the house and about the responsibility of the husband to share in the housework.

Outside of family life, women in China now participate more and more in all aspects of life in China. Since 1949, everyone in China has a right to an education. All young people go to school at least through age 15 or 16. Older people learn to read and write in their neighborhoods and where they work and have opportunities for continuing education and training through their work places. For the first time in China, there are educated women working in the countryside, learning skills necessary for industry, learning professional skills in education, medicine, science, etc., and taking an active role politically.

China's leaders see that educated young people are vitally important in the process of changing from a feudal underdeveloped country into an advanced industrial nation. And women are as important as men in making this change.

Everywhere we visited in China we saw examples of women working in jobs that formerly were performed only by men. They would tell us that during the first few years after liberation the work done by men and women generally followed the roles traditionally assigned. However, people gradually learned that a primary reason for this was that men were trained in various skills and women had never had an opportunity to learn technical skills. We saw women crane operators in a steam generator plant, women forklift operators at the Shanghai docks, women truck drivers

in Peking, and a transistor factory in Shanghai in which women, most of whom had been illiterate before 1949, actually built most of the equipment now in use.

In the factories and communes we visited, we learned that by now equal pay for equal work has been realized throughout China.

Also, women are now elected by their fellow workers to the revolutionary committees which manage the factories, communes, and schools. Women's participation in political activities has increased. The representatives of the Shanghai Municipal Women's Federation explained that "in the first national people's congress only 10% of the deputies were women, but in the second and third national people's congresses, this had increased to 25-30%."

As we saw from place to place, women are rapidly gaining equality politically, economically, culturally, and in the home, and this is guaranteed by law. But people's ideas don't always change so fast. People we talked to everywhere in China told us about the campaign to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius which they have been participating in this past year. They are studying the philosophy of Confucius, dominant in China for 2,000 years, and the philosophy and activities of Lin Piao, a government official who attempted to assassinate Chairman Mao Tse-tung a few years ago. One of the primary purposes of this campaign is to change people's old Confucian ideas about women. In the process, women are realizing that while they have gained the legal right to full equality, they still have some ideas that they are inferior and not capable of doing jobs that men usually have done and that they aren't as good as men at managing factories or playing a leading role politically. Many men also still hold such ideas. We came away with the impression that these ideas are changing rapidly and that we witnessed those changes in process.

The cheerful energy of the women of China impressed everyone I traveled with and gave me added impetus to work for full equality for women when I returned home.





# ARMAGEDDON AT AUBURN



# OR WAR DAMN EAGLE

SATIRE BY JOHN WILLIAMS

In His sprawling cage under the warm, blue Spring sky the Eagle sat perched motionlessly. His eyes were as immobile as death, seeing everything all at once, while the village lay drowsily beneath Him.

*This is the city: Auburn University. There are many different kinds of Students out there — Students who*

*live quietly, Students who live violently; Students who come from good homes, Students who come from broken homes; Indian Students, Oriental Students, Arab Students, Jewish Students, Puerto Rican Students, Negro Students, Caucasian Students, Orangado Students, Purplato Students. They all have different interests. Sometimes those interests con-*

*flict. That's when I go to work. My name is Dogson. I carry a badge.*

"Chief, your coffee."

The voice was like an abrupt, shrill whistle to a peacefully sleeping dog. Chief Dogson reared up from his seat, looking frantically about him in bewilderment.



"Sorry Chief, didn't mean to startle you. I brought your coffee."

It was only Officer Duckworth. Now it all flooded back — the familiar office, the filing cabinets, the radio ...

"Oh yes, officer. Thank you. Just put it there," Chief Dogson said as his composure returned, indicating the desk top. Officer Duckworth complied and left quietly.

Been carrying a badge too long, Dogson thought, taking a sip from the coffee. Jittery, nervous ...

The phone rang. Again Dogson jumped. He took a deep breath, waited for the second ring and grabbed the receiver.

"Campus Police. Dogson....Oh my God! When? Where? How many? 10-4. We're on our way."

*Grimly, Dogson grabbed his hat and went into action. Without casting a backwards glance he beckoned to the first man he saw, Duckworth, and headed for his car. Yeah baby, a real sweetheart. Eyes squinted into the sun, Dogson jumped into the car and sped away with a screech of tires. You walk these streets long, baby, you carry this badge until it feels like a block of lead ... yeah, baby, just go downtown and you take a real long look and you tell me what you see, okay? Yeah, yeah sure baby. You sit on that velvet behind and turn your eyes away and don't listen to the sounds on those streets out there, okay? Sure, you do that baby and maybe someday some junkie so hopped up he can't see gonna give you a medal, right? Yeah, those streets out there baby, a real sweetheart ...*

\*\*\*

Luverne C. Stearne sat back in the chair at his desk and puffed absently at his pipe. He was absorbed in thought, forming words in his mind, constructing phrases, piecing together sentences. At length, as his pipe went out, he sighed and leaned forward to his typewriter.

Reflection on a Spring Afternoon  
7 May \_\_\_\_\_ *Auburn Plainsman*  
Luverne C. Stearne

He typed fluidly as he had done so many times, and then reclined once again in his chair to admire his work. Power, appeal, firm bold letters. That would catch some indifferent eyes. His father would be proud. Luverne C. Stearne lit his pipe again and commenced the task at hand.

This balmy, lazy afternoon as I sat behind my desk to write this week's column, I pounded out the heading as always, but then sat back to reflect a moment. The trees outside my little window were swaying in the soft Spring zephyrs as if singing a lullaby to a dreaming mind with work to do, and it was only with stiff upper lip and by calling on the deepest recesses of my reluctant willpower, that I ever got around to getting started. The sounds in the Copy Room were the same always; brisk, busy friends rushing around with quickened steps to meet those inevitable deadlines that always seem to come too soon. They were all hurriedly unaware of my watchful eyes as I sat here, wondering what in the world I might write about this week.

But my mind was on other things this lazy afternoon. I was wondering about, and silently clenching my fists as I have done so many times, inwardly raging with uncomprehending anger, the cruel injustices my eyes, which have no choice but to see, come into contact with every day I make my way among the seemingly oblivious, rushing faces of my fellow students. Oh, why must we treat our fellow man as though he were nothing more than some animal hated by all? And even animals

themselves have a right to live.

As I sit here, I still feel the horrible feelings that swept over my unbelieving eyes yesterday as I walked to my one o'clock history class, amid the hasteful, bustling steps of my fellow brothers and sisters. As I approached the towering, frightening to some, form of Haley Center, a loud chorus of voices greeted my ears below me at the fountain. Accelerating my pace, and my thoughts full of curious puzzlement, I hurried to see the cause of the noise. As I descended the steps, a spectacle met my eyes that made my heart want to run, but told my legs to stay. A group of Orangado students had cornered a frightened Purplato and unhearing of his helpless cries, were shoving him, spitting on him, and ridiculing him.

I rushed to his aid but my feeble arms were powerless to halt the insanity and the cruelty.

"Pligger! Pligger!" they shouted loudly, and spat on me, trying to surround me to torment me like the other poor Purplato. I barely escaped and with frightened, hasteful steps ran to get help.

The Campus Police finally arrived and freed the frightened student, but did nothing whatsoever to the offenders. Why, I asked myself then, and yet question myself, does the color of a person's filter cause others to judge him so mercilessly? ...

"Hey Luverne, we just got a tip!" a voice called, breaking Luverne C. Stearne's train of thought. "Something's going on at the Cage!"

\*\*\*

Moverba Figmukes sat on the corner of her desk, listening intently to the



suggestions of her eager "Circle" staff members gathered below her. Except for one, they were all Purplatos like Moverba, and with no exceptions they were in a fervor of creative inspirations, scheming among themselves to contrive several good ideas designed to sing the praises of the Purplato Lib Movement, and advance its sluggish progress within the conservative halls of Auburn University.

"An interview with Throckmorton McDomino is an absolute must, Moverba," suggested Herschell Loosengroun. "He's the only Purplato ever on the SGA even if he is only a Senator."

"A token Purplato," reminded Datha Krebs.

"A token Purplato is better than no Purplato."

"How about a rollicking satire?" submitted Wrye Witt, the clever satirist from whose potent pen had blossomed a menu of superb literary delicacies loved and enjoyed by millions.

"I don't know Wrye," Moverba said hesitantly. "I wouldn't want to risk jeopardizing our message. Some people might take it wrong."

"Not if it's done right," contended Wrye, somewhat offended.

"Maybe something from the scientific angle," Scobyia Noggin the Science Editor, and the only Orangado on the staff, proposed. "A little background on the evolution of the human filter, maybe a graph showing the changes in the atmosphere over the past \_\_\_\_ years. People never think of it like that — that the filter has evolved along with atmospheric changes. That's where the prejudice comes from — ignorance. I could get some comments from the Biology Department on the origins of the orange and purple filter. Present it all in a scientific light — take it completely out of the social context."

"That would be really effective,

Scobyia," Moverba said enthusiastically. "We could add some good illustrations, put in some color graphs ..."

"We can't ignore the religious side," interjected Myrtathial Burke, and the room grew quiet for a moment.

At length, Moverba sighed. "Yes, I know," she said. "You're right, we can't. I wish we could, but we can't. It's such a touchy issue. No matter how we do it, people are going to get mad."

"There's only *one* way to deal with it," declared Datha Krebs angrily. "It's our duty — and you know it as well as I — to expose the pagan, barbaric practices of the orangados for what they are!"

"Amen!" came the unanimous shout of approval from the floor, and Datha held her head up high.

"Now just wait a minute!" Moverba cried, ending the clamor. "You're all acting like barbarians yourselves. No matter how strong an opinion you have on any issue, you owe it to the other guy — especially as journalists — to present his point of view. You all know that."

"But this is *different*," insisted Herschell Loosengroun. "What kind of magazine do we have if we condone worshipping *our* God like Satan?"

"Yeah!"

"You've got to draw a line somewhere, I mean, they're out there right now probably, chanting and writhing around the Cage. They've even threatened to free Him! To let Him out of the Cage! To force Him into their barbaric orgies! What would we do if they opened the door? They could you know. Any time they wanted to. He's our *God* Moverba!"

"Amen!"

"He would never let them do that," Moverba said. "He would strike them all dead. Don't you believe He would?"

Herschel hesitated. "Yeah, I guess

He would. I don't know though. Would he really? Would he intervene or would He expect *us* to do what's right to prevent it ever happening?"

"Yeah!"

"I say we firmly denounce their Satan-worshipping, take a strong stand, and then take it into our own hands to stop it forever!"

"Amen! Amen!"

"Civil War? Is that what you want? Blood, destruction, seeing your friends slaughtered? That's what would happen, you know. I say, we've *got* to look at this like a two-sided issue rather than risk the consequences of condemning it soundly in print. I'm thinking of far more than just my own personal feelings and you all should be too. Besides, there are thousands of Orangados who think the practices are evil. Like Scobyia."

"And lots more where I came from," Scobyia said. "I agree with Moverba. It's a delicate issue, we should treat it delicately. Let time heal the wounds."

And then suddenly, Professor Pec cable, a Faculty Advisor, burst through the door. "Come quickly, all of you! Something's happening at the Cage!"

• • •

Much earlier that morning, deep within the bowels of the Union Building, far from the well worn passages and corridors, hidden far away behind a door in an umbrageous corner of the basement, a secret meeting was being held.

Around a long oval table, the SGA officers sat grimly, all of them looking to the head where Eufargo Lippincott, the President, slumped in his chair, serenely stroking the delicate, bright orange skin of his filter. The room was heavy with silence, and everyone around the table was aware of the awkward presence, at the far end, of Throckmorton McDomino, the Purplato, who sat nervously, perspiring heavily.

After several long minutes, Eufargo spoke. "Are your instructions clear, Mr. McDomino?"



Throckmorton cleared his throat. He felt very uneasy and not completely sure of the whole incredible deal. "Yes, they are clear," he stammered, "but you guarantee my escape to complete safety?"

"That is what we agreed Mr. McDomino."

"But it's so ... so *big*. How can I be sure I will get away?"

"We have discussed this all before, Mr. McDomino. Don't you trust your SGA?"

"Well, yes ... but ..."

"But what? There are no buts. You know what you are to do, and you know the signal. You have been given the key to the Stadium. You will have back-ups. You know where the money will be, and where to go to get on the jet. Everything is arranged. It will come off smoothly. I'm sure we can depend on you, Mr. McDomino, because if we can't ... well let's just say the consequences will not be entirely, ah, pleasant. I trust you follow me?"

"Yes ... yes. I will do it."

"Good, good. In that event, this meeting is adjourned."

Everyone filed from the secret room except Eufargo Lippincott, who waited behind, beckoning to Jolson Remorro, the Treasurer, at the door.

"You know what to do when it's over?" Eufargo asked him quietly.

"Yes, Mr. President. I know."

"Excellent. Everything is arranged then."

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While Chief Dogson sat behind his desk in reverie, and Luverne C. Stearne sat in creative introspection in his office, contemplating his current weekly column, and while Moverba Figmukes presided over her staff of writers and artists, life on the campus was going as always — quietly and

lazily in the warm Spring afternoon sun.

At the Cage, as the Eagle perched in quiescent solitude high above, the usual afternoon crowd of worshippers was gathered below. On the left bank were the Orangados — a large group of them, singing, dancing, and chanting, drawing signs in the earth, shedding their clothes in a collective frenzy of demonic possession. Bodies were glistening with sweat under the sun, candles were burning, and strange odors enveloped the worshippers like a cloud. But on the other side, the right bank, were the Purplatos, with several Orangados among them, sitting in respectful silence in their sanctuary as the Student Chaplain read the Eagle's Prayer. As he finished, the organist played the Ornithology, and the congregation silently prayed to the Eagle.

When suddenly, without warning, the loud, searing crack of a gunshot was heard, followed by two more, and as the horror-stricken afternoon worshippers watched in bewildered terror, the Eagle spun on His perch, swayed dizzily for an instant, then fell, His head blown completely away, and dropped to the earth with a resounding thud.

Screams, curses, and cries immediately followed. Everyone jumped up from where he sat and ran around in helpless confusion and chaos. The Orangados and Purplatos began to mix around the edges, and somebody hit somebody else. Then some more blows were thrown. Almost at once, a raging, bloody fight was in full swing — frenzied people were swinging their fists, kicking, biting, scratching, grabbing, and screaming. A corner post of the Cage began to topple, then with a loud, terrifying crash, collapsed, tearing the wire from all sides with it. People were maimed and hurt, lying blinded and screaming with pain. Blood was flowing like water. A siren was heard. The Campus Police car roared through Haley Center parking lot and pulled to a halt beside the ruins of the Cage.

*Duck-o, check every concealed area within one mile of this Cage large*

*enough for a human being with a rifle to fit into. I want that guy, Duck-o. I want him bad. If you find him, book him ... Murder One.*

Luverne C. Stearne ran up to the bloody scene, stopped short, and stood watching, panting, and out of breath.

"What has happened?" he cried. "What's going on?"

Moverba Figmukes and her staff, along with Professor Peccable, were right behind him.

"He's been shot!" Moverba screamed. "My God! He's been shot!"

From behind, the gut-wrenching thunder of collapsing concrete and tortured steel echoed deafeningly and Moverba turned in horror to see the stately form of Haley Center crumble into ruins. Then a gaping split formed in the side of the Stadium and it too, with ear-shattering and devastating swiftness, tumbled into smoking dregs of mortar, steel, and brick.

Everyone's reason began to leave him. Nobody could think. Everyone felt only blind, uncontrollable rage which he could neither control nor understand. Moverba turned to Datha Krebs and smashed her first into her face. There were screams of agony, cries of unbearable pain and confusion. The sky darkened. Massive black clouds rolled in and fire began to rain from the heavens.



## TO A POMPOUS PRIEST

I doubt that He  
Is represented  
Totally in Thee.  
For thou art man.  
And man may not disperse  
God about the land  
Like a farmer spreading  
Dung on eroding sand.

—Charles A. McDonald





Illustration: Dottie Hitchcock



# POP MUSIC FROM THE INSIDE

BY THOM BOTSFORD AND LEEROI MEADOWS

If Jerome Olds were Elton John or Mick Jagger or even His Rocky Mountain Highness (fresh John Denver), we could easily interest you in his "phenomenal success" or his "typical day in the life" or his "true, never before revealed character in the raw." Remembering that rich magazine writers inevitably engage their readers' attention with the very first word, we might have led with Elton's new \$40,000 pair of sunglasses, or the incredible commercial appeal of Mick's pelvis, or even the "pristine purity" of John's new song about Colorado—how he wrote it in his penthouse suite, emotions recollected in tranquility. All of these fascinating tidbits figure in the success stories of celebrities, as any issue of *Creem* or *Circus* will prove month after month. The quality, or gimmickry, of the music figures too, but that is "the hardest thing to write about," according to one authority, jazz trumpeter Maynard Ferguson, who explains: "The most mystical thing is unintelligible sound communicated, which is what music is. Unintelligible."

Hence our problem with Jerome. You just wouldn't believe that he is a far better soul singer than Elton or Mick or John, because—well—he's not a celebrity. Not yet anyway. Big timers don't play the Auburn Sigma Chi house, as Jerome's band did recently (knocking 'em all out). Big timers play the *media*. You hear them first on radio, of course. Then you read about them in the rock press. You read about how "comprehensive" they are, or how "bad" they are, and you say, "How Perceptive!" or "How full of—that critic is." Because the sound is truly "unintelligible," the reams and reams of criticism mean very little if they don't stimulate interest in the "mystery" and the culture that surrounds it.

In the interview below, Jerome Olds and two members of his band—Ricky Keller, bassist and composer, and Chris Seymour, percussionist—profess the coming of a Golden Age in American popular music. As stars just below the horizon, as likely subjects for future *Rolling Stone* interviews, they stimulate with talk about "communicating to thousands of people through a new kind of art." And behind this pie-in-the-sky vision, the "mystery" of music inspires their commentary on the means of change. In earthy language (some of it unretouched jargon), they relate their struggles and ambitions, their experience in "the business," and their awesome—some would think frightening—respect for electronic instruments.

Determined to "make it big" in the near future, they look to their agent, Bill Lowry, the man behind the successes of Joe South, Ray Stevens, Billy Joe Royal, and The Atlanta Rhythm Section. But presently what distinguishes them from the hundreds of other white suburban groups playing popular music today is an exceptional demo tape in one of Atlanta's better studios. Jerome, Ricky, Chris, guitarist Leroy Thompson, and keyboard man Bill DeLoach have been polishing and re-recording a dozen original compositions for close to six months, while Lowry and one of his associates, Pat Andrews, have been negotiating. Warner Brothers, Capitol, and MCA "have been talked to." Others will follow. At all costs Lowry, Andrews, and the members of the band must be "mutually satisfied" before a contract is signed.

Jerome's music, however, is a departure from the "Atlanta sound" Lowry has been promoting recently, and a far cry from the "Southern sound" coming out of Phil Walden's Macon studios. It is the new soul music, best approached

through the band's influences—Stevie Wonder; Earth, Wind, and Fire; the Ohio Players; and the Average White Band. By some definitions, it is very jazzy music as well. You can hear in the band's arrangements touches of Chick Corea, Herbie Hancock, Stanley Clarke, and George Duke. But ultimately it is not the sum total of any of these. As original music, it is a "mystery" beyond print. "And that's why we got to make a record," Jerome says.

For the time being, there is Scarlet O'Hara's, an Underground Atlanta night club catering to the soul element—those who listen to the Tams ("I been hurt, hurt, hurt, hurt"), and those who dig the more sophisticated sounds of artists like Gladys Knight and the Pips. Jerome's group performs there as a house band from time to time, generally outplaying the main attraction (as Billy Preston outplays George Harrison, or Stevie Wonder, the Stones). In early April we caught Jerome at the club, trading sets with an incredibly stale act called Sedro's Armada, booked as a last minute replacement for the popular Cortez Greer. Left over Las Vegas camp, Sedro and his men—and one rather sleazy version of Cher—mutilated Malaguena, out-yakited Boots Randolph, and pulled a fag routine right out of the closet for that rated triple X feeling. Jerome's band played music.

The following afternoon we got together for the conversation that follows. Reconstructed from three hours of tape, the interview "begins" with a consideration of rock critics and drifts to "communication," to race relations, to the music business, to composing, to electronic music, and finally to philosophy:

**Circle:** In a couple of years, when and if you make it, critics will be describing your music, although you



can't describe it yourself. They will put words in your mouth. How will you react to that?

**Chris:** To me, so many times, it's hard to take the critics seriously. So many times a critic reviews a record on the basis of what he would like the group to do. Or what he likes as opposed to what the group was trying to do. It seems like it would be right to judge the music on how well the group was doing what it was trying to do. And so many times, this is not done.

**Leeroi (for The Circle):** I think musicians should be judged on craftsmanship, instead of how artistic they are.

**Jerome:** Well, not completely. They can't judge the Rolling Stones on craftsmanship. The Stones don't have much, but they're good.

**Chris:** I don't like Grand Funk Railroad, but obviously they've done an amazing job with what they've decided to do—which is to communicate with large numbers of people.

**Circle:** Communicate what?

**Jerome:** Their feelings as friends. Like what we're doing here. We obviously get along, because we're all friends. They're just trying to do it on a big scale.

**Chris:** It amounts to getting to know large numbers of people. Trying to put your personality into the music. The more people you can get to listen, the better. There's a lot of money involved too, of course.

**Jerome:** Take a concert of 20,000 people, for example. If they like your music, they're your friends. It's like sitting at a big party and playing for your friends.

**Leeroi:** Well, that's real nice when it happens. But I've been in a few bands playing a lot of music I care nothing about. I would say to myself, "Hell, I don't want to play 'Proud Mary.' This is a bunch of garbage. This is idiot music." Then I would start thinking: "How much could the public take of something that might be interesting to me?" It's depressing. And it boils down to thinking: "Can we get away with playing this tune? Do you reckon they can stand it?" This is a failure to communicate, I know. This is the cynical side of it.

**Circle:** Let's put it this way, Jerome. Do you ever get frustrated with an audience?

**Jerome:** Oh lord, yes! But you really get frustrated with yourself, because obviously you're not getting to them. And that's your responsibility. When you're not communicating with them or with yourself, and the song's over and a hundred people out there don't clap, it's like they're saying: "You're right. You did terrible."

**Chris:** I know it.

**Leeroi:** But what I'm getting at, Jerome, is when you're playing somewhere and the people want to hear something like—God help us—"The Troglodyte Song." And you want to play something like, "What's Going On." But they don't want to hear it, you know. They want to hear "Bertha Boogie" or something like that. They wanna hear cute songs, or songs with a little bit of dirt in them. Just a little dirt to be risqué. Frat rat songs.

**Circle:** I think we're trying to find the right attitude. To get to the root of the problem, should you ever be a musical snob?

**Jerome:** No! Never!

**Chris:** Not at all. I used to be real critical of a lot of things. I was into a lot of progressive jazz, you know. A lot of it. I was getting too far away from the people.

**Leeroi:** Yeah, but when you see some musicians on TV, like those in Brownville Station, and you see that guy missing notes, it gets to you. You think: "That's solo, and he's messing it up, just like he got his fingers tangled in the strings." You think: "Damn, an old high school buddy of mine can blow him off the stage. There are people all over the place who can do better than that." But Brownville Station gets paid a lot of money for something like "Smoking In The Boy's Room."

**Jerome:** Yeah, but somehow or other, they're communicating with that song.

**Chris:** Let's face it, there are certain things you gotta do to be successful. Some lousy musicians have made a lot of money because they've done something else well. They put on a good show; they have personality, style, an image.

**Circle:** But then, there are certain virtues like taste and wit.

**Leeroi:** Well, Stevie Wonder puts on a good show and plays good music too. He writes lyrics that reach the people, lyrics in good taste. He's not pushy like Chicago. You know, Chicago will sing: "Well, we got to get together children and burn down the White House!" David Crosby's just as bad. All this depressing stuff to communicate to the counter culture.

**Jerome:** But Leeroi, that was a pulse, a different sort of communication. It's just not us. We want to play happy music. We wanna make you feel good. But, at the same time, we're not going to be snobs about Chicago. You can't be a snob and communicate too. I know it sounds like a come on, but I want my songs to be heard and, at the same time, I insist on quality material.

**Chris:** You have to remember that you have a responsibility to your audience. Otherwise you get in a rut. Most bands get together, practice the popular songs for about a week, and play them on the weekends. It always stays the same for them. New songs come out on the radio, and the bands learn them and play them on the weekends. It's just a routine to earn a little money. It's not really creative communication. I know this from experience. Every band I've been in—and I've been in a bunch—failed to improve. Never improved, that is. They stayed the same, day in and day out.

**Jerome:** You see, we're not out to sell anything. We just want to communicate. At first we were playing together just to make money and because we enjoyed playing together. Then we got serious. We recommitted ourselves to communication. It's not the money you make, but how many people you can touch.

**Ricky:** We've had a taste of really electrifying a crowd, and it's just amazing what you can do. It was some place in Alabama, when we were touring with Billie Joe Royal. Just like you see on TV: the crowd was screaming, dancing, moving, and soaking it all in. It's a physical thing, but it's an art—a new art, all the same.

**Circle:** So you want to bring art to the public, without getting snobby about it. Like Shakespeare, they say, entertained the people and later, of course, the scholars said he was our greatest



writer. So who knows? People might look back on Stevie Wonder, who can absorb all this jazz and rhythm and blues, and say he was one of the greatest twentieth century composers.

*Jerome:* Yeah, it sounds far out now, because he's not in an academy writing for a string quartet. But he's creating something new and great and popular. And he's famous. You know, the more famous you get, the further you can take it. People will listen to you, give you a chance, because you're Stevie Wonder.

*Leeroi:* Well, like Miles Davis is doing.

*Jerome:* Well he don't have the mass appeal that Stevie does. I'm talking about thousands of people under a spell! That's why you want to communicate—to create an art form.

*Leeroi:* Even rednecks like Stevie Wonder.

*Chris:* My mother likes him. My little brother likes him.

*Jerome:* The Beatles had the same kind of appeal. I think that the best rock and soul will someday be called "jazz," because it's all blues based with lots of rhythm and improvising. Always opening up something new. Two hundred years from now, they'll be writing about it.

*Circle:* All of you are suburban white boys playing black soul music. What kind of reaction do you get from blacks?

*Jerome:* Black people haven't put us down for playing soul music. We like black people because they really don't care if you're white, you know, because they know how to listen. That has been our experience anyway. First of all, maybe they'll look at you funny, but they'll listen. Whereas too many white people will look at you and automatically, if they don't like the way you look or don't understand what you're playing, they won't like you and that's it. But now maybe white folks are finally learning to dance. It has taken a long time, and it sounds funny, but white people haven't known how to enjoy dancing. They haven't danced all their lives like the black people. They haven't practiced until dancing is second nature. They just went to a dance on Friday night. *Ricky:* White people are still more inhibited than blacks.

*Chris:* I don't know if they've learned to dance or not. Many of the ones I see seem to feel self-conscious. They're not comfortable. They don't smile, you know.

*Jerome:* They're wondering if you're looking at 'em, you know. And the black people *know* you're looking at 'em!

*Chris:* It's crazy as hell to me. Part of the whole idea behind dancing is to get out there and do your stuff.

*Jerome:* You shouldn't worry about the right steps. You just get with the music and do what comes naturally.

*Circle:* Is dancing a clue to character? Do you ever sit back and wonder, "What kind of person is that?"

*Jerome:* Yeah, you know what kind of people they are by the way they're dancing!

*Circle:* Can you generalize enough to give examples? Can you stereotype them a little?

*Ricky:* When you see some guy out there dancing like a stiff, like a manikin out of a Sear's window, you know he's neurotic.

*Jerome:* Yeah, that's right.

*Leeroi:* What about the black dude who did a split on the floor last night? That old cat.

*Jerome:* He was either feeling real good, or he wanted people to see him.

*Chris:* Underground Atlanta's weird. It's full of extreme people. Like every night, the same dozen or so people, all wearing crazy hats, go down to Ruby Red's Warehouse and drink their hurricanes, and get drunk as hell. Now, their hats are made of styrofoam, with Ruby Red's written across 'em, and they all take a bite out of them after they leave Ruby Red's and just before they come down to Scarlet's. Every night they do this.

*Jerome:* We see a lot of mixed up people. They're looking for something, I think. Something they won't find in the bottle. I don't know if the music helps, but I hope it does. Sometimes music can set you right, not just make you forget your troubles.

*Rick:* It can make you stop thinking about yourself and start thinking about your work, but in a positive way.

*Jerome:* Yeah, forget about yourself. That's what we try to do. That's how we'll make it. Working hard and

forgetting about our egos. And not giving up when everything looks bad. I remember a few years back, me and Chris were looking for work in Atlanta. I mean we had nothing. We delivered handbills, went from door to door, got bitten by dogs. But we were going to play music!

*Circle:* You don't sound like average hippies playing rock and roll. You know—the public image. Have you suffered under the stereotype?

*Chris:* We've still got dues to pay. But there have been times that stunk, believe me. We have gone to motels in little out-of-the-way places, and the people wouldn't rent us a room, man. Because we're musicians, and they think they know what musicians are like, you see?

*Circle:* The cliché: dirty, dope smoking hippies.

*Chris:* Yeah, crazy people. Add to that the conditions, the hours, the circumstances you have to put up with. Your truck breaks down at three o'clock in the morning, 20 miles outside of Abbeville, Alabama. And it's 21 degrees on Sunday morning. Things like that.

*Circle:* All of you are in your mid-twenties or so; and from what we can gather, you've each been playing music for at least 5 years, more like 10. You've stuck with it longer than many of the others who set out to imitate the Beatles, like everyone did. And now you might really make it with an LP of original music. You are already getting good work, pulling in good crowds. But how much luck is involved in success in the music business? Is your success to date entirely the fruit of your labor, the result of your talent?

*Jerome:* That's a loaded question.

*Chris:* Well, I'm sure there's a certain amount of good fortune in it, but at the same time, two years ago we said we were going to put this band together and try to make it. We planned it, and it's amazing how well it has worked out.

*Circle:* But what about the common charge that talent has very little to do with success in the business?

*Ricky:* That used to be true in a lot of cases. But now you have to know your instrument completely. Most of the time it takes a lot of talent.



**Leeroi:** I don't think anybody could make it these days with something like "Louie, Louie." Even some of the foul stuff you hear these days can get complicated. Hell, a Lawrence Welk polka, as cornball tacky as that is, is hard to play.

**Ricky:** Even the singles on AM radio are getting better. It's just an uphill climb from the bottom, and this is just the beginning of better popular music—popular music as art. I think our band is a part of it.

**Circle:** We've tried to clarify what "communication" and "making it" mean to you—bringing art to the people, which really is a mystery beyond print. Naturally it involved something original, something creative. But you differ in many ways from the academic, classical people who are so artsy. Take composing, for instance. Ricky, do you write out elaborate charts with every note on the page and all the special words, like "pianissimo," that kind of thing?

**Ricky:** I do it in my head mainly. Then I explain it to the band.

**Circle:** But do you hand out written parts?

**Jerome:** Oh no!

**Ricky:** Well, sometimes I write out a chord chart, just to make it easier. It just shows the correct number of measures and the right chords for each measure. It just shows you an overall picture. It's a guide, but not a set of directions. Each player has to fill in parts, maybe take solos, create as they go along. It depends on the complexity of the tune as well. For example, one of my tunes, called "Georgia," is only a riff, one chord. Who needs a chart for that?

**Jerome:** I don't write changes up.

**Circle:** Do you know how?

**Jerome:** I can write up the chords, you know. But I might call 'em different things.

**Leeroi:** You just need to make it work in performance. You can go too far. I knew some people who once had to arrange a song for some studio players. The piano player had to write out a chart for a slow song, and he put it all in, you know, just like he learned in school. Well, he marked on part "Rubato," like the masters would of course. That meant that the players

were to hold the notes a little longer than written, and were to put some feeling into it. Well the drummer in the studio didn't know what to make of it. "Rubato?" he said. "What the hell is Rubato?" Now this was a rock and roll song of all things.

**Jerome:** The important thing is not the chart, the music on paper. The true instrument is the mind. If you can bypass the music on paper, well that's fine. People are worried about electronic music, for instance. They think it'll do away with instruments. But electronic instruments are just new means to making music. I think it's great. It gives you more choices, and it can generate much more energy.

**Circle:** Have electronics given you greater control over sound?

**Jerome:** In the studio, yeah. We don't have good equipment out of the studio yet. But if you've got good stuff, you can do anything. You have more control; you have more possibilities.

**Circle:** Don't electronic instruments cost a small fortune? Where will you get the money to buy, say, synthesizers?

**Jerome:** We'll have to make it. That's why we want money. We're not after a lot of luxury things. But we need good electronic equipment.

**Leeroi:** Equipping a band costs at least as much as starting a small business. Each member usually supplies his own instruments and accessories. And that means that the keyboard player carries the heaviest burden. Most of them are either rich or hard hearted, I think, because they've had to bust their ass to get a Hammond organ, which can cost from \$3000 to \$5000. Or a ARP Synthesizer, which runs over a thousand; or a Fender Rhodes piano, which is a thousand too. This is not to mention the extras—amplification and so forth.

**Circle:** Jerome, how much money have you invested in your present band?

**Jerome:** I would say at least \$25,000, and that's not including the cost of upkeep or our time.

**Chris:** Yeah, upkeep will get you down. A pair of drum sticks costs \$3.40, and I go through about three pairs a week. Back during the days of heavy music, I went through about 5 or 6 pairs a week.

**Jerome:** And you know, our band has only the essentials...

**Chris:** Oh, you could spend millions if you wanted to. Once you reach a certain level of musicianship, you want the absolute best in equipment. Like I need, ideally, a big six foot Turkish gong that lists around \$10,000. It has an incredibly beautiful sound, and I'm going to have one some day.

**Ricky:** This provides the motivation...

**Jerome:** Like I could spend a half a million or a quarter of a million on a good Public Address system. Or up to \$150,000 on a Moog Synthesizer. I think synthesizers are the greatest inventions in music. You're going to be hearing more and more of them, in fact. I know we need one to replace our Mellotron...

**Circle:** What is a Mellotron?

**Chris:** It's like an organ or a piano, except that every note plays a tape recording of a violin or a cello or a flute. For example, you'll have 35 keys and each one plays a violin note. It's actually a recording of a violin playing that note.

**Leeroi:** You've got ten fingers. I guess you could have like ten violins going in harmony.

**Circle:** What exactly is a synthesizer? How does it differ from a Mellotron?

**Ricky:** Synthesizers don't work on tape. They're voltage control instruments, working by oscillators. And the range is incredible. They can go beyond human hearing both ways. There's no other instrument with that capability.

**Circle:** Will they ever get one to play, say, a clarinet?

**Jerome:** No, but you don't want it to...

**Circle:** But wasn't the Mellotron going in that direction?

**Jerome:** Right, but the synthesizer's much better. Look at it this way: If you're listening to a clarinet, you may not like something about the natural sound—say the upper register. But if you have a clarinet setting matched on a synthesizer, you can take the part out you don't like and mix in or add or replace it with another tone. You made a whole new sound!

**Circle:** Will you always be able to identify a synthesizer by sound?

**Jerome:** Yeah, but you always want that. I do.

**Chris:** Oh, I don't know. I guess



theoretically somebody will duplicate a clarinet or a violin on the synthesizer someday.

**Circle:** But won't this phase out the natural instruments—the saxophone, the violin?

**Jerome:** Oh no, man...

**Circle:** Now think a minute. A synthesizer, programmed by one man, will be cheaper than hiring a sax player or a string player. So fewer and fewer people will be playing...

**Jerome:** But those few will be better and better.

**Ricky:** There's a guitar synthesizer now. You can play it through a guitar or a bass guitar, or with some adjustments, through a horn...

**Leeroi:** I guess you could play one through a dog if you wanted to. But there's not ever going to be ten people who can replace the New York Philharmonic...

**Jerome:** Well, if that happens, it'll be just like a new band. We can listen to them and say, "Wow, that's wonderful." If you wanna go see the Philharmonic, go see the Philharmonic. If you wanna go see 10 people playing like the Philharmonic, go see them.

**Ricky:** We could get into philosophy.

Some people say it's impossible to duplicate another instrument...

**Chris:** But I think it's important to point out that most people who are using these instruments aren't trying to duplicate an orchestra. They are using them as different instruments.

**Ricky:** What it amounts to is a bunch of technicians in garages playing around with electronic instruments. There's a big market for them, and we'll see hundreds of varieties in the next few years.

**Circle:** At what cost? That's what bothers me. What happens to poorer musicians who can't afford these instruments?

**Leeroi:** A lot of these things will be costing less. Anything new costs a lot of money...

**Jerome:** The way I figure is—if musicians ain't got the money, they ain't got the desire.

**Circle:** The American Dream. Work hard, young man, and you will get what you want. Maybe this has been the case. But the future doesn't look so bright.

**Jerome:** There are certain things you can do to make money, you know. You never have all you want. When we make lots of money, we do all right. When we make just a little money, we

do all right. The main thing is to keep going. Don't worry about a thing. If it takes forever...

**Chris:** You got all your life.

**Jerome:** Right. It's in your head. Nothing lasts forever, but don't fret about it. You have drawbacks, of course. For a singer, the biggest drawback is the pace of practice and performance. You can only sing so much before your voice gives out. So you have to be careful to sing enough each day, but not too much. Sometimes I feel paranoid about it, like the players get paranoid about their hands. Because your voice changes—it's living, organic. Mine has already changed, and I've accepted it. For better or for worse, you do with it what you can. It changes for the better if you want it to, or it changes for the worse if you want it to. The important thing is to sing naturally. The voice is a gift, but the singer is the soul. Whatever happens to my voice—and I try to take care of it—whatever happens, I'll always be a singer, even if my voice is just a whisper. Because the singer inside of you is the soul.



## MEMO FOR THE POTTER

There are others who mold me in dark-laced

rooms, clay beneath quick fingers,  
hands kneading

my flesh until I am pulp.

But you, you knead and mold and spin me  
gently round and round: a vase

with rippling edges

and baked in the sun I am Shape.

A small clay jar to carry on your shoulder  
or balance on your head

a jar full of water/washing the sides as you  
walk, spilling.

—Holly Brice

Corn grew quick in pressing summer's heat  
And beaded out like silent servant sweat;  
Each kernel crushed into its quiet fret  
While fever seethed and forced the life beneath.  
Fruit hung all ripe and golden to be picked  
Till bees grew sick from sucking out the sweet  
And buzzing rose and fell in still noon heat  
With sticky syrups craving to be licked.  
Then summer blinded, seared into a rage,  
Did blast the corn, did burn the ready grain  
And dried the dirt with blistered dearth of rain  
And damned the earth to bear out barren age.  
I am the dust; I am the desert air:  
And you, the blearing sun, my sweet despair.

—Steve McCloskey

Second Place Winner of the 1975 Sigma Tau  
Delta Creative Writing Competition, Poetry  
Division.

First Place Winner of the 1975 Sigma Tau Delta  
Creative Writing Competition, Poetry Division.



## MORNING AT THE BEACH

The jalousied windows rattled when he gave the door a quick tug to close it. Turning toward the shoreline, he squinted against the sudden sparkling of the Gulf of Mexico. The thunderclouds that were predicted to appear were nowhere in sight. He wasn't disappointed: he knew from experience that if the sky was clear in the morning, it would be clear all day long.

He stood on the covered patio for a few minutes and surveyed the beach around him. The creamy white sand that surrounded him was still free of the human bodies that would surely litter it in a few hours. Satisfied that he was alone, he decided to walk the waterline.

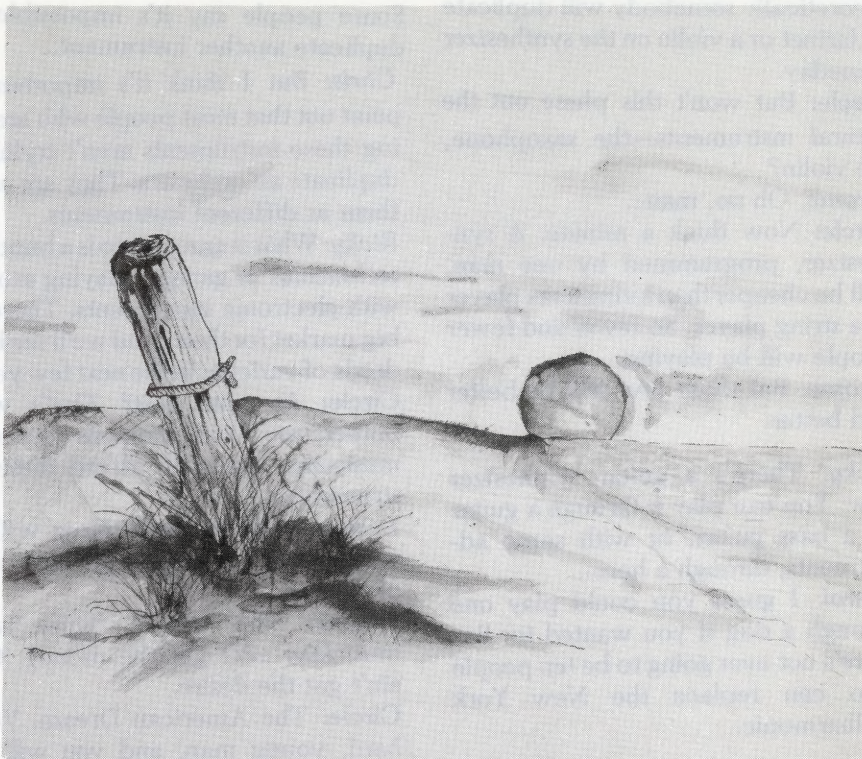
When he stepped on the sand, the sudden heat startled him. As many times as he had walked the beach, the heat it contained still surprised him. "The hot sand is another good omen," he told himself as he walked over its creaking surface, "It'll be another good day."

As he neared the water, he could taste its tangy saltiness in the air. The breeze in his face carried with it the gentle rolling sound of the surf. The breeze was cool and dry—another good sign.

He hurried his pace when he saw the rippling of a school of fish swimming along the shallow waters of the shore. He reached the water just as the last of the school passed and could see from the hazy outlines that the fish were small—probably cigar minnows.

When the fish had gone, he waded out until he was knee-deep in the warm, soothing water. The combined warmth of the water and the sun spread within him and made him glad that he could feel it. He felt peace.

His peace was shattered by the screech of a seagull overhead. He looked upward, blocking the bright sun with his hand, searching for the destroyer of his solitude. He saw the culprit swooping down on the school



*Illustration: Scott Pfaffman*

of fish that had just passed. He saw the explosion of water when the gull hit. He watched the gull as it flapped its way inland, its prey hanging limp in its beak.

As the gull disappeared over a distant dune, he wondered when his gull would dive down on him and carry him away. When he brought his eyes down from the sky and back to the shore, he saw the lone figure of a girl, sunbathing, on her back. "Another good omen," he said to himself as he started out of the water in her direction, "It'll be another good day."

—Harry Bishop

## SEASIDE OBSERVATIONS

It was a beautiful day. Small, feathery clouds crowned the endless stretch of beach which was deserted except for the sandpipers and crabs. A lazy offshore breeze gently tickled the glassy waves that peaked up and rolled easily toward the beach. It was as if one perfect wave were breaking over and over. The grey mist from the roaring surf gave an aromatic dampness to

the air, and the usual odor of fish and seaweed was particularly strong. With every breath I could taste the salty sea air, and with every step I could feel the cool sand under my bare feet.

As I sat down to contemplate the limitless waves, a lonely surfer appeared on the shore. He dropped his board into the water, splashed himself, and eased his way out past the last breaking wave. Almost immediately he caught a fast, curling wave and trimmed it magnificently near the crest. Making a fluid, graceful turn, he carved a pattern down the front. Swinging right and then left, he cut paths diagonally across the foaming spread. And finally, crouching and leaning slightly forward, he zoomed in for a very smooth landing.

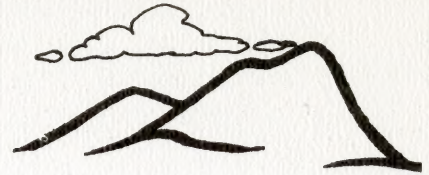
It was a good ride—those few moments where the soul tumbled free. I couldn't help thinking that life is like surfing, and I'm like that lonely surfer: longing for those brief moments of freedom, hoping for the good ride, waiting for the perfect setup.

So I too must go down to the sea again—and again, and again, and again—to watch the lonely surfer, because my heart rides tandem with him.

—Mary Rutherford



# Jack mountain



## FINAL ACT AND CURTAIN FALL

*The final act and then the curtain falls in Cambodia and in South Vietnam: two more countries liberated as world revolution rolls on its destined course.*

Come, my comrades, raise a glass to self-determination, to equality, to brotherhood, to a classless society throughout the earth! Here, bartender, fill them up again, past the brim, let our cups over run, for surely now cometh the bliss of the blessed dawn in

which all our yesterdays shall fade into their deserved oblivion while we walk in the valley of milk and honey and the dragon lies down with the bear and peace shall lap us round for evermore.

Ha? What? Yes, yes, another round fuller than the last, for malt does more than Lenin can, and I have a rendezvous with dreams that shall go through my blood like the wine of communion and the multitudinous seas incarnadine—Oh, Comrades, leave

me not alone, for unwillingly I feel the weight of too much liberty throughout the world and hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of darkness at noon and the sad but not uncertain rustle of silken curtains.

*The final act and the sound of distant bells tolling the still hour for individual liberty around the globe, throughout the earth, forevermore—Amen.*



### NIGHTFIRE

A long shrill cry  
Shatters peaceful illusion  
And urgent red blades  
Slice the night  
Into borderless bits of black—  
Gladly will I  
Yield the path  
As loud vermillion knights  
Roar past  
To rescue flaming ladies.

—Annette Norris

### ANCIENT MACHINERY

Behind factory doors  
Ancient machinery sits,  
Quiet in its solemn repose,  
Smothered with the rust and decay of disuse.  
While but steps, past the cruel doors,  
An automated cybernetic sees  
How the toil is done.  
No restricting chains are found  
Upon this shiny machine  
No closed doors whose duty of limit  
Seeks to guide the product passing  
From rude pale ivory portals from whence it flows,  
While quietly behind the silent steel doors  
Whose tenacity is strengthened by the passing  
of hours,  
Stand once great machines  
Whose gears and pulleys, the cobwebs of time enmesh.  
Ancient machinery,  
Forgotten in the rush of time.

—Myra Robbins



